

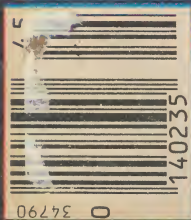
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Rolling Stone

ISSUE NO. 382
NOVEMBER 11TH, 1982
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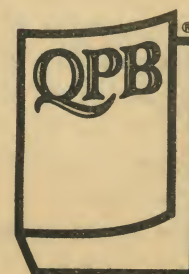
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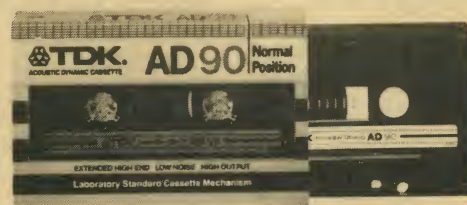
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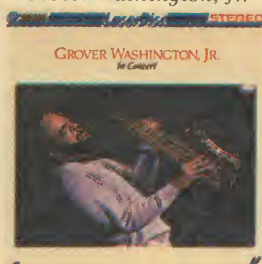
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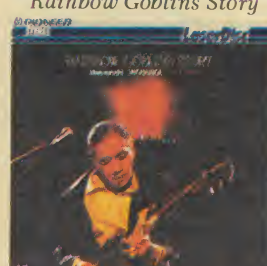
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COVER: photograph of the Who (from left: Kenney Jones, Roger Daltrey, Pete Townshend and John Entwistle) by Annie Leibovitz, Minneapolis, Minnesota, October 1982.

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Changing Gere

FINALLY, AN HONEST ARTICLE about this uniquely exciting actor ("Mister Richard Gere: the American Gigolo Becomes America's Sweetheart," RS 379). Richard Price's account of Gere's dedication to his art, his frank admiration of his family and his subconscious self-consciousness suggests that Richard Gere is an extremely special person who happens to have done something worthwhile with all that gorgeous empathy.

PATRICIA A. HAWLEY
Washington D.C.

GIVE RICHARD PRICE A red badge of courage for getting Richard Gere's story, even though Price didn't strip down to his skivvies. Anyone gutsy enough to chronicle Gere's development from a middle-class, paranoid beefcake to a rich, "aligned" beefcake deserves a new pair of heart-print boxer shorts. I'm thrilled that Gere has two bathrooms, an illegal car-burglary tool kit and flesh-colored BVDs. Spare me the soupy, virile camouflage and get down to basics, Mr. Price. Does the man have any heart and soul? Then maybe we'll talk dividends.

CYNTHIA MANIGLIA
Bensalem, Pennsylvania

IF ONLY MR. GERE WOULD greet me in his shorts. Ah... dreams.

SANDRA KRAIN
Van Nuys, California

Advise and dissent

WILLIAM GREIDER takes a dangerously casual view of the consequences of signing "the little card" ("Nothing About the Draft Makes Sense," RS 379). He makes light of the young men who have refused to register for the draft and suggests that they try voting their way to freedom.

Perhaps voting can eventually be effective, but for today's young men, there is no time to vote. Only refusal to register will show the government that it cannot take our lives and use them as bullets in their quest for power.

MONTY HAMEL
Washington D.C.

WILLIAM GREIDER calls draft registration a

"national joke." I'm still waiting to hear the laughter.

BEVERLY POTTS
Eugene, Oregon

I AM PLEASED TO REPORT that my life hasn't changed since I signed up for the draft. I don't worry about being drafted, and in the unlikely event that I am, is that such a high price to pay for living in the U.S.? I can't think of another country on earth that I would rather be in. Can you?

RICHARD TRUETT
Orlando, Florida

Weather report

PETER COLLIER AND David Horowitz' article on the Weather Underground is a manifestation of sexual obsession masquerading as historical journalism ("Doing It: the Untold Story of the Rise and Fall of the Weather Underground," RS 379). Contrary to the views of the authors, the war in Vietnam explains more about the behavior of the Weather Underground than does the charisma of Bernardine Dohrn's breasts.

STEW ALBERT
JUDITH CLAVIR-ALBERT
San Francisco, California

THANKS FOR THE truth about the ugly side of Sixties radicalism. As one whose idealism was manipulated and abused by an SDS offshoot (Rising Up Angry) in Chicago during the early Seventies, I can attest to the emotional accuracy of your article. I learned two things during that sad time: rich kids have nothing whatsoever to teach poor kids, and Marxism is just another form of born-againism. I won't be fooled again.

MICK DEMIKIS
Chicago, Illinois

YOUR RECENT STORY about the Weather Underground is a crazy quilt of half-truths, distortions, gossip and incidents torn out of context that add up to a big lie.

I met David Horowitz on three occasions, and each time, he asked me to confirm some tidbit of movement gossip or some detail—a name, a place—from the years underground. Each time, I told him that I would not discuss any details of underground life, that those of us who had lived that experience would not betray it. Furthermore, I

argued that the important thing was the social and political context—the war in Vietnam and the murderous assault on the black liberation movement, for example—the things that make actions and choices understandable. Obviously, he disagreed; it must have been difficult for him to listen to me (and, I'm sure, to listen to others) discuss political issues as he lay in wait for the one or two words that he could graft to his psychosexual thesis.

Sexual politics was a factor in the late Sixties: no one who came of age at that time was unaffected. Most of us in SDS and Weatherman thought of ourselves as part of a new, liberated culture, and sexual experimentation was as much a part of that as were marijuana and rock & roll. In Weatherman, there was an attempt to give a political meaning to sexual freedom, something that had been attempted before by greater minds than ours—by Emma Goldman, for example. In any case, we did wild and crazy things; we thought a triathlon was sex, rock & roll and politics. We fancied ourselves explorers of a new frontier, and we weren't particularly delicate or splendid. Simply young. And there is no question that we men used antimonogamy and the language of sexual liberation to evade responsibility in relationships with women and to perpetuate, in new clothing, the old male dominance. It took the women's liberation movement, as well as gay pride and militancy, to provide more humanistic and progressive content to the new sexual freedom and permissiveness.

Collier and Horowitz' attempt to reveal details never known before about the radical underground is a fraud and a failure, but that makes it no less dishonorable. People are in jail right now for refusing to discuss their associations and activities before grand juries.

Horowitz repeatedly requested interviews with Bernardine Dohrn, the last time at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, where she is one of seven people doing time for refusing to name names before a grand jury. Each time, she refused to speak to Horowitz, explaining that his exclusive interest in the personalities would distort a clear understanding of those times. Keeping with Horowitz' sexual allegory, he couldn't seduce her, so he attacked her. Reactionary politics and the rewriters of history have found the perfect vehicle in David Horowitz:

ex-radical writer turned informer and literary rapist, and for sale, cheap.

BILL AYERS
New York, New York

PETER COLLIER and DAVID HOROWITZ reply: We interviewed Billy Ayers on seven or eight occasions, in person and on the phone, and taped more than ten hours of conversation in which he went over Weatherman's history in detail. Most of the tapes are long monologues in which Billy gave us his recollection of the events from 1968 to 1976 in sequence. And Billy was only one among many who shared with us their history and experience in Weatherman. In all, over a six-month period, we talked with more than thirty members of Weatherman and the Weather Underground for more than 100 combined interview hours.

Billy's letter implies that he did not discuss any details of underground life, because to do so would be to "betray" the underground experience. The fact is that he did talk to us about life in the underground, on tape and at length. Perhaps he now feels that by talking, he has betrayed his comrades. That would certainly explain the fury and vituperation of his attack on us. If anyone is an "informer"—a curious conception in these circumstances—it must be Billy. We could only tell what we were told; we were only "informers" to the extent that it is a journalist's obligation to inform the reader what he has learned from an investigation.

We make no apologies for attempting to tell the truth about this history—how else could anyone learn from the experience? That Billy singles out one of us for special abuse—this was a collaborative writing and research effort in the deepest sense—is just another instance of his arrogant contempt for people who don't share his views.

On the beach

A WORD ABOUT BEACH-music fans ("Shag Dancing and Top Popping," RS 379): some of us are actually left of center, have never been in a fraternity and wouldn't be caught dead in a La-Coste shirt or Weejuns. Even so, we still like beach music.

For most of us in this part of the country, the beach was the closest we ever got to that utopia of loafing and easy romance that transcends mere cultural and political differences. And what is the beach without beach music?

PHILLIP WRIGHT
Pembroke, North Carolina

AS A NORTH CAROLINA musician who over the past twelve years has spent a lot of time in bars and at frat parties playing this nauseating excuse for music (by request!), the thought of its going national is mind-numbing. What started out as good R&B music has been filtered through so many bad white bands through the years and has evolved into swing music at best, with no soul left at all.

BILLY HOFNER
Charlotte, North Carolina

Agracious thanks

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK you for your article about me and the sensitive way in which it was handled ("Ronnie Lane's Lonely Battle," RS 375). There have been lots of repercussions from it—enough for me to consider opening my own appreciation society! I also wish to ask your magnanimous magazine to thank the people who wrote to me, and tell them I am endeavoring to answer them all personally, being overwhelmed by their love and kindness and support. I am battling on, with hope in my heart and my eye on the goal.

RONNIE LANE
London, England

Postpunk

THE OBSERVATION made by John Doe of X—that A Flock of Seagulls has made a quick buck with a hairstyle and a disco beat—was nothing more than pathetic ("X: the Maturing of a Punk Band," RS 379). While A Flock of Seagulls offers a fresh approach with guitar effects enhanced (not swallowed) by synthesizers, X continues to churn out a mundane, rehearsed postpunk sound circa 1977. This only goes to show that if you stick together long enough, you'll be successful no matter how bad you sound. Like most of their L.A. contemporaries, X's sound is a second-rate hangover from the Sex Pistols' days.

JEL TYSON
Islington, London

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Campaign lies and flimflam

Even new lows in the distortion
of truth may not bamboozle
the voting public in 1982

By William Greider

WASHINGTON D.C.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY of Modern Political Communications normally announces the winners of its awards for creative campaign practices after the elections are over. This year, however, the awards committee has decided to make public the results before the voting so that no one will complain that its selections were influenced by the election returns. Here then, reported exclusively for our readers, are the winners of 1982.

Best Dirty Trick in a Nonelectronic Medium—Representative Cleve Benedict of West Virginia, who is running against the entrenched incumbent, Senator Robert Byrd. Everyone enjoyed a big laugh when one of Benedict's supporters confronted the crotchety Byrd at a public appearance and presented him a white sheet with eyeholes, a lighthearted reminder that Byrd was once a member of the Ku Klux Klan. The winning touch was the little green alligator sewed on the Klan robe—a preppie Klansman for the Eighties. Byrd did not seem to get the joke, but the awards committee salutes Benedict's campaign manager, Norm Rankin, who declared: "You've got to have fun in a campaign."

Lighten up, Senator Byrd, it's only politics.

Honorable mention goes to supporters of young Haley Barbour of Mississippi, who is challenging Senator John Stennis. The venerable Stennis is tottering toward his seventh term in Washington, and age is the only issue Barbour has going for him. When Stennis appeared at the Neshoba County Fair, an important political gathering in Mississippi campaigns, a bright banner suddenly un-

furled over the stage: **HAPPY 81ST BIRTHDAY.** Later, some kids in the crowd jostled the ancient senator while a camera crew filmed his faltering steps. Barbour disowned the action and insisted that his campaign workers played no part in it.

Best Down-and-Dirty TV Commercial—Representative Robin Beard of Tennessee, whose campaign spots against Senator James Sasser are the talk of the industry. Everyone's favorite is the dramatization that accuses Sasser of giving U.S. taxes to communist Cuba by voting for foreign aid. It shows a shipping crate labeled **FOREIGN AID** that, when opened, is full of freshly wrapped bundles of American dollars. There's a babble of foreign accents as greedy hands grab for our money. Then, a grinning Fidel Castro lookalike appears onscreen, lights his big cigar with a burning dollar bill and declares: "*Muchas gracias, Señor Sasser.*"

While there were many other worthy contenders in the '82 campaigns, the awards committee felt that no one approached the consistent shabbiness of Congressman Beard's TV advertising. "It appalls the senses," declared the *Nashville Banner* in an editorial withdrawing its endorsement of the feisty young candidate.

Best Cheap Shot by Direct Mail—Representative David Emery of Maine. Emery is challenging Senator George Mitchell, who was appointed to the Senate in 1980 to fill a vacancy. Emery's "Special Report to Maine Veterans" noted that he received an approval rating of ninety-two percent from the Veterans of Foreign Wars, while Mitchell received a rating of "zero." The brochure deftly failed to mention that Mitchell wasn't a senator during the period in which the VFW undertook its congressional ratings.

Most Ludicrous Flimflam in a Legislative Arena—the House Democrats, for their \$1 billion "jobs bill." This was the sort of election-year gimmickry that Democrats do better than anyone else, a last-minute bauble that supposedly would create 200,000 jobs—except that 10.8 million Americans are unemployed. This is intended to convince voters that the Democrats have "solutions." The campaign cream, of course, came when the Republican Senate rejected the bill by sixty to thirty-seven, thereby allowing Democratic challengers to claim that Republican incumbents voted "no" on jobs.

In case some voters weren't persuaded by this theater, the House Democratic Caucus simultaneously issued a twenty-three-page position paper on economic recovery that mimicks the Republican approach and rejects such short-term band-aid solutions as the jobs bill the Democrats had just proposed. This dippy-doodle allowed Democratic candidates to preach a different sermon in every church: they could be progovernment or probusiness while, naturally, always being for the people.

Runner-up for legislative gimmicks, as usual, goes to the Republicans for their constitutional amendments for balanced budgets, school prayer and no more abortions. Some envious Democrats were suggesting wistfully that schoolchildren be forced to pray for a balanced budget. Or that Senator Jesse Helms get pregnant.

The Big Whopper Sweepstakes Trophy

1983 FORD MUSTANG GT



**THE BOSS:
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OF AMERICAN
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Mustang GT for 1983.

It begins in a river of red-hot steel.

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It comes complete with a real bad attitude about being anything but the Boss...

Mustang GT for 1983. It's one hot piece of American steel. Get it together. Buckle up.

*Net torque and horsepower as measured by SAE standard J1349.



HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?



FORD DIVISION

for Gross Lies and Distortions, Live and on Film—The winner is who else but the Gipper himself. Once again, the Whopper goes to the man who has won it so many times in the past. Even though the president was not a candidate this year, the awards committee feels that he is entitled to retire the trophy permanently. Even the opposition party chairman, Charles Manatt, graciously conceded the prize when he dubbed Ronald Reagan “the Great Prevaricator.”

The committee's citation lists fibs and mangled facts too numerous to recount in this space, but special mention is given the president's “friendly old postman” TV spot. It depicts a sincere mailman delivering social-security checks to golden agers and reminding them that Ronald Reagan has protected social security from budget cuts. Even the old folks had to smile at that one. Everyone knows Ronald Reagan has tried to cut social security, and that he intends to try again, right after the elections.

The president's tortured explanations of economics also produced a lot of chuckles. The committee's favorite was the radio broadcast during which Reagan denounced as “the most cynical form of demagoguery” any suggestion that inflation had been reduced by putting people out of work. A few days earlier, the new chairman of Reagan's own Council of Economic Advisers had testified before a congressional committee on the same point: “The extremists among both the supply-siders and the rational-expectation monetarists who predicted that inflation would be reduced without raising unemployment have been decisively proved wrong,” said Martin Feldstein. Somebody needs to have a little talk with Feldstein.

Finally, throughout the campaign, the president's slick footwork was admirably unblushing. In years past, Reagan has righteously denounced presidents who handed out federal boodle at election time, but this year Ronald Reagan was finally president himself—and it was he who was handing out grants from the Department of Housing and Urban Development at campaign stops. Then there was the matter of the new fees, totaling \$100 million, that the Reagan administration planned to collect from dairy farmers beginning October 1st in order to reduce the bloated cost of federal subsidies. The Department of Agriculture switched signals and decided not to start collections until December 1st. And, as unemployment continued to increase, the president suddenly waxed enthusiastic over a job-training bill that, in earlier versions, the White House had threatened to veto. Before long, the Gipper was complaining that Congress wasn't moving fast enough on his jobs bill.

Clearly, this president wants to keep the fun in democracy. That's the spirit that wins Whoppers. Sometimes, though not always, it also wins elections.

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS. EVEN from my jaded perspective, I am prepared to conclude that the quality of campaign bilge actually improved in 1982. Not much, but a little. From my random sampling of political propaganda, there seems to be more straw in the mud. Voters can actually find a little more substance in the brickbats, a few facts

that are true in the loosest sense, or at least a few good laughs.

Strangely enough, Ronald Reagan and the conservatives deserve credit for this modest improvement. For years, most Democrats could win by campaigning with boilerplate slogans and soft-focus footage of their candidates in shirt-sleeves, walking on beaches, petting their dogs and their children and sincerely hugging their wives. The message was simple: your congressman is not a pervert. Vote Democratic. Often, this was enough. Many Republicans used the same message, leaving off the party label.

Then, Democrats got blamed—first, in 1978, and more decisively, in 1980—by Reagan and the New Right, which employed a vicious new weapon: issues. Hard, nasty issues that aroused passion among voters. Of course, there were distortions and outrageous claims, even lies, but I think that any

cally empty. “That's what we thought.”

Even Republicans laughed at the “elephant in the china shop” spots. A camera follows a GOP elephant lumbering clumsily through the aisles, smashing a plate labeled SOCIAL SECURITY and another labeled JOBS. Tension builds. Finally, the great beast tips over row after row of shelves of precious glassware. “Two years ago we trusted the Republicans to mind the store,” goes the voice-over. “The Republicans have made a mess of things.”

Some independent liberal groups were meanwhile trying to mimic the down-and-dirty tactics made famous by New Right groups like the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC). ProPAC, the progressives' answer to creative mudslinging, took out a print ad attacking Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah for collecting so much campaign money from the oil in-

Of all the gross lies and distortions peddled by politicians this year, the award must go to Ronald Reagan for his “friendly old postman” spot, which argues that the president has been working to save the social-security program from budget cut-backs. Of course, Reagan has tried to cut social security all along, and will continue to do so after the elections.



thorough study of Reagan's campaign advertising and the attack ads sponsored by New Right causes would have to conclude that the content focused more on such issues as abortion, the Panama Canal, national defense and runaway inflation—issues that were more powerful than the warm, fuzzy personality cameos.

While there was still a multitude of vaporous candidates in shirt-sleeves on TV this fall, the Democrats did try to harden up the messages. The material for attack was rich, given Reagan's disastrous economic policies, though Democrats didn't have nearly enough money to match the Republicans buying TV time. Perhaps to overcome their image as wheezing old liberal hacks, Democrats decided to play for laughs. Give the folks a chuckle or two over Reagan's recession.

Their “trickle-down” commercial talks about tax cuts for the rich and shows champagne flowing into long-stemmed glasses while hardly a drop reaches the workingman's tin cup. “You've got to ask yourself—just how much is trickling down to you lately?” a voice queries. The tin cup is practi-

cally empty. “When Orrin Hatch says he likes the Houston Oilers, he's not talking about football,” it reads. An oil well gushes dollars. ProPAC, however, had only a modest budget compared with its right-wing adversaries.

A pro-nuclear-freeze group, Citizens for Common Sense in National Defense, went after hawks with an engaging TV spot that depicts a nuclear holocaust launched by computer error. That ad seems downright subtle compared to the antinuke spots broadcast by California governor Jerry Brown in his Senate race. Brown's message seemed to be that if Californians didn't vote for him, the Republicans would blow up their children.

The GOP marketing wizards, confronted with wretched reality, decided not to make jokes this year. In fact, after the friendly old postman wore out his usefulness, the GOP produced a series of pseudodocumentary TV ads in an artistic style that might be termed mock historical. Certainly, the content mocked history.

My favorite is “1954,” which begins gravely: “It was 1954, the Dodgers were still in Brooklyn, Churchill was still prime minister,

and the Democrats won control of both houses of Congress.” Since then, it's all been downhill. Inflation. Debt. Federal spending. Until the Gipper came along. In another spot, a sidewalk consumer says “I don't think we should go back” with the cinematic verity of a Preparation H commercial.

If Americans buy that version of recent history, they deserve whatever they get. For one thing, this tale of the thirty-year slide to ruin leaves out Eisenhower, Nixon and Ford—Republican presidents who served for sixteen of those thirty years. The era of the Fifties and Sixties, moreover, was the most prosperous in American history, and most folks would gladly trade in Reaganomics if we could somehow get it back. Anyway, nobody will accuse the president of running on nostalgia for the past. He's running on antinostalgia.

The old nemesis of liberals, NCPAC, was still throwing body punches in 1982—and was occasionally accused of landing below the belt—but even NCPAC seemed to have moderated its approach. The truly outrageous and genuinely funny ads of 1980 were replaced by less titillating discussions of voting records. NCPAC chairman Terry Dolan, who officially denied any moderation, conceded that a straight pitch may be more effective than elaborate minidramas. “Sometimes the cuteness gets in the way of the message,” Dolan said.

Incidentally, NCPAC gets the 1982 First Amendment Citation for defending free speech in politics. So many TV stations refused to run NCPAC commercials that Dolan's group had to sue fourteen of them to get on the air. Frequently, the TV stations were intimidated by Democrats who complained in advance. “Here are these liberals who scream and holler when Jerry Falwell complains about TV shows, but this is the most blatant form of censorship,” Dolan complained. “This is as Randy as it gets.”

Dolan has a point. Politics is one arena where the free marketplace is most essential, where everyone should be able to push his own message, however wrong or outrageous, without interference from government or anyone else.

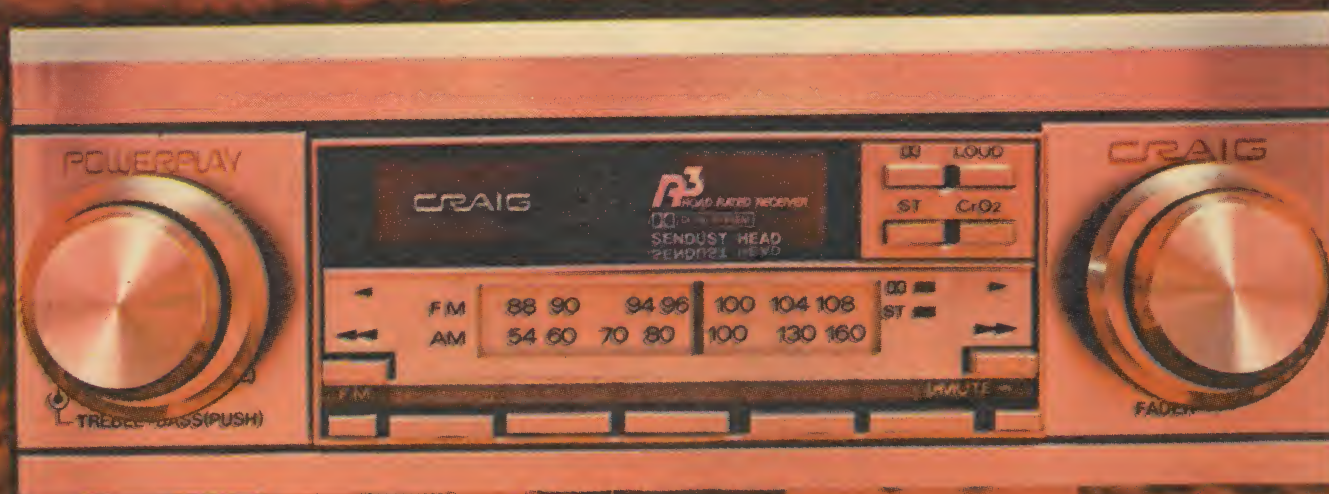
After all, Lincoln was right: you can't fool all the people all the time. If you don't believe that, you don't believe in democracy. I still do, despite my jokes at the expense of politicians.

In fact, I think that the 1982 elections will teach us some encouraging lessons about the limitations of political blarney. TV commercials, even with constant repetition, do not always persuade—if the audience sees contradictory realities in daily life. Commercials may drive people away from the product if the messages offend the truth and sufficiently irritate the viewers. For the record, the campaign technicians of both parties believe that the Republican money will drown out the Democrats and stave off heavy losses. I wouldn't bet on it. Even the Republicans' overwhelming advantage in campaign money and their artfully constructed TV ads will not save the GOP from a major defeat in the congressional elections. It figures. Detroit's slick commercials can't sell cars in a recession, and Reagan's clever evasions can't sell his failed economic policy. □

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AMERICA'S GAY WOMEN

On campuses and in big cities,
surprising choices are being
made about love and sex

BY LINDSY VAN GELDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARION ETTLINGER

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN — WHITE, BLACK AND BROWN; preppies, punks and dressed-for-excess silver spandex disco bunnies—are shoehorned inside the Electric Circus in lower Manhattan. The party is Sleaze Heat II, touted on the invitation as "the wildest, steamiest, most erotic tea dance of the year." A decade ago, in a more politically correct era, the standard uniform at most lesbian-feminist public events was overalls, and what was wildest and steamiest was the brown rice. But things have loosened up: the suggested attire for Sleaze Heat II is "trashy."

In keeping with the evening's raunchiness, there's a screening upstairs of lesbian porno movies. The projectionist announces that she hasn't seen them yet, but she's been assured by the distributor that they're "all gay"—meaning, no men. The women on the screen, however, turn out to bear no resemblance to anyone here. Every last reel features dragon ladies in push-up bras and garter belts, their pubic hair inexplicably shaved into Mohicans. Most remarkably, their lovemaking is unmarred by eye contact; even in midorgasm, they look as though they're trying to remember to pick up the dry cleaning after work.

Perhaps in another time and place, the women in the audience might be insulted by the implication that what lesbians do in bed is both sinister and boring—but not tonight. This is like watching *Reefer Madness* in a theater full of potheads. People cracking up, shouting instructions to the cinema starlets on how to get it on. Soon the whole place is acting out the parts, writhing and moaning in a lesbian *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. There is, of course, something far more provocative about this room full of lewd, shrewd, hopelessly cackling women than anything that's happening onscreen—and you don't have to be a lesbian to feel it.

LESBIANISM—ALONG WITH ITS STEPSISTER, BISEXUALITY—is one of the few recent booms on the mostly bust sexual landscape. You now see gay women holding hands on the streets of the major cities and resort towns favored by gay men: New York, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco (where their numbers are beginning to dominate the Mission District the way gay men populate the Castro), Provincetown, Key West. There are also thriving lesbian communities in Denver; Phoenix; Milwaukee; Baltimore; Oklahoma City; Rochester, New York; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to name just a few, and in most university

towns. (The five-college area around Northampton, Massachusetts, is becoming a veritable lesbian Ellis Island.) While gay male culture is considerably more moneyed, there are lesbian hotels, restaurants, health centers, magazines, music festivals, comedy troupes, radio shows, bookstores... even, in Montana, a lesbian dude ranch.

Perhaps most puzzling to outsiders, a fair number of these new lesbians view their sexuality wholly or in part as a matter of erotic, emotional or political choice. A popular lesbian button exhorts, DON'T DIE WONDERING. It is a slogan that would have been used to sell cruises down the Nile in another

generation, but one that apparently strikes a chord in a certain number of modern women. While there are no neatly quantifiable statistics, a few clues can be gleaned from a wide-ranging 1977 survey of women of all ages and backgrounds at the outpatient gynecological unit of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. Some twenty-eight percent of those polled "envisioned bisexuality as a future possibility." Almost all of these were straight women who perceived lesbian relationships as "potentially more loving, more satisfying and, especially, more intimate."

"I got converted—it was the greatest thing since the Baptist revival," chuckles Susan, a twenty-nine-year-old Atlanta journalist. Several years ago, Susan was engaged to a man whom she describes as "a really pretty sensitive, intelligent kind of guy. I thought he was big stuff, and we were really in love and all that." Still, she didn't feel nearly as close to him at some basic, best-friends level as she did to the woman who had been her roommate at the University of Georgia.

Susan believes that such dichotomies are common in the experience of most heterosexual women, and that lesbians are often simply those women who rebel against them. "It's like all our lives up to age twenty-one or so, you're emotionally tuned in a certain direction, and then you're expected to flip a switch." One night Susan and her friend were sitting around talking about their relationship and how much it had meant to them. "She kind of grabbed me and hugged me. It seemed real natural to lean up on one elbow and kiss her, and then for us both to giggle and go on. All the next day, we were walking around with shit-eating grins. The next week, we both broke up with our boyfriends." Susan never told her male lover what was going on. "I didn't want him to think he screwed up. He didn't—he was irrelevant."

Susan is slightly disgusted with those who try to compare heterosexual sex with lesbian sex. "It's like comparing steak and ice cream—stupid to even try," she says. She and her



LIZZY: 'I gave up asking permission about my sex life long ago.'

roommate stayed together for several years; both are now with other women. And while Susan acknowledges that she's still physically attracted to men — and that she sometimes tires of the social discrimination endemic to gay life—she says she's emotionally moored to women. "I think of lesbianism as a continuum," she says. "For some people, the sexual attraction is so strong that they'd turn out gay in any time and place. That's not me. I would never have come out in the Fifties. It just wouldn't have seemed like an alternative. For me, it had to do with coming out at a time when women, mostly because of feminism, were very aware of wanting certain kinds of equal, open relationships."

Unlike Susan, Beryl—a twenty-two-year-old who recently graduated from San Francisco State—says that she tends "to be attracted to women who are much butcher than I am," and who are often older. Beryl began sleeping with men (not boys; men in their thirties) when she was in high school. "I screwed a lot—some nerds, and some guys who were really wonderful," she says now. "And I had a lot of fun playing up the image of the hot sixteen-year-old—T-shirts, braless, real short cutoffs, the whole bit."

Throughout, she adds, "I was always a feminist." At the University of Maryland, where she spent her freshman year, she began hanging around the local women's bookstore and reading the works of Kate Millet, Rita Mae Brown and other lesbian-feminists. "I could see it was a warm, receptive, supportive atmosphere, and I thought I'd check it out sometime... although I was terrified that I'd get into bed with a woman, and what if I didn't like it?"

When she eventually let a woman seduce her, the sex was fine—not to mention the half-dozen yellow roses delivered to her room the next day. And there was also the way the woman ferreted out that Beryl's favorite food was lobster newburg and proceeded to whip some up. "I had never been treated that way by a man," she says.

"Most of the men my straight friends are involved with are sort of *okay*—they're certainly not macho creeps—but the odds are against finding a really super one," Beryl adds. "For me, becoming a lesbian was a process of upgrading my standards. If I were to make a list of non-gender-specific qualities I like in a lover—respect for me, independence, willingness to experiment and what I like to call slumber-party honesty, wherein your lover is your best buddy, no holds barred—the odds really favor women. I've also stayed with women because I think the sex is a whole lot better, although it stands to reason that that's a function of communication. If something doesn't work, you can say so. A woman will stay with me, whereas a man's focus is likely to be, 'Didja come?'"

WOMEN LIKE SUSAN AND BERYL ARE KNOWN IN THE GAY community as "political lesbians." Simply stated, the term applies to women who have *chosen* to conduct homosexual relationships. There is no biological imperative involved, just a conscious decision to direct one's sexual affinities in a lesbian manner. The situation has developed as a result of pragmatic circumstance. Unless she is blessed with a devoted feminist prince for a mate, the heterosexual woman who is unhappy with the sexual status quo has limited options. She can (a) invest her energy in making over an unliberated male; (b) divest her energy from the area of relationships, settling for casual affairs or a less-than-ideal man; or (c) try women. All are reasonable paths to follow—some women try them all—but who ends up where has as much to do with personality, circumstance and, especially, politics as with lust or lack of it.

The notion that one can choose to be flexible about sexual preference tends to be threatening to confirmed straights, even those who are liberal about "day one" gay people—who feel gays were probably born that way. Nor does the political lesbian receive much recognition from the gay movement, which has a vested interest in pushing the theory (advanced

LINDSY VAN GELDER is a freelance writer, a former reporter and a contributing editor of *'Ms'* magazine. She wrote about the herpes epidemic in RS 364.



SUSAN AND BETH: 'I got converted,' says Susan. 'It's the greatest.'

by a number of respected sex researchers) that sexual preference is set in bronze by the time a person is three years old or so. (After all, if human sexuality is seen as fluid, even in only certain cases, the gay movement has to deal with the volatile questions of whether gays can be "cured" and whether they can influence the sexual choices of youngsters beyond infancy.) The mainstream women's movement—another potential ally—is sometimes similarly queasy about word getting out to the New Right that, yes, feminism can turn you into a lesbian.

But the political lesbian holds up an interesting mirror to gender relations in society as a whole. For one thing, there is no comparable male phenomenon. Men who are angry at women may react with impotence or *machismo*, but rarely with elective homosexuality. Nor do straight adult men typically expand or explore their brotherly feelings by going to bed with one another.

The differing taboos against male and female homosexuality are also illustrative. As Little Richard has remarked in his confessional anti-gay road show, "there's a lot of men who don't mind if their wife has sex with another woman as long as they can watch." Lesbianism as a sexual hors d'oeuvre, devoid

of politics or genuine female bonding, is a staple swingers' fantasy; only when it excludes men does it become threatening to men. Plenty of lesbian couples have had the experience of encountering admiring males who feel free to try to pick up both of them—and who then become enraged when the women are insulted. Even feminists who don't sleep together are commonly called lesbians by men who see them as insufficiently attuned to the male ego. For males, the taboo is the opposite. We live in a society that traditionally venerates male bonding but violently rejects male homosexuality of any kind. Gay men are considered traitors to their gender: men who are willing to be *the girl*. Because they've forfeited the male "right" to take center stage, gay men are stereotyped as limp-wristed sissies (even when they dress like construction workers), and their sexuality is scorned as unthinkable; lesbians, on the contrary, are considered zeros—manless non-men whose sexuality, therefore, is impossible. Gay men are easy to loathe; gay women are easy to dismiss.

NIKKI IS A SELF-DESCRIBED "OLD-TIME DYKE" WITH A LOW opinion of political lesbians. Three of her ex-girlfriends, she explains, have "gone back to pricks." Nikki became a lesbian



BERYL: 'Becoming a lesbian was a process of upgrading my standards.'

because of sex, and she suspiciously wonders if women who make a political choice can be all that intense about gay sexuality. Still, she's the first to acknowledge that the feminist climate that fostered political lesbianism has created options for her, too.

Now thirty-nine, Nikki works in San Francisco as a part-time legal secretary while pursuing her career as an artist, and her vibrantly colored furniture and paintings are beginning to gain recognition. She came out of the closet as a teenager in Philadelphia in the late Fifties. In those days, her name was Gloria. The lesbian society that she entered was divided into butches and femmes. The femmes appeared, well, feminine, while the butches were male-identified right down to their jockey shorts. Women who felt constrained by having to choose one or the other for all time were sneered at as "kiki." Gloria became a butch named Nick. It was, she recalls, "ultimately limiting for me." She eventually moved to San Francisco, where, symbolic of the crumbling of rigid roles, she metamorphosed into Nikki.

The butch is probably the sort of lesbian that most Americans think of, if they think of lesbians at all, but she is actually a rather recent historical product. During the last

century, passionately intense romantic friendships between women (often married women) were a social institution in the United States — a phenomenon documented by women's studies academics. Whether or not these women had sex is not clear and may be irrelevant, especially given that women in that era were socialized not to interpret and act on sexual feelings. What is clear is that women not uncommonly slept in the same bed, kissed, wrote each other love letters, swore undying fidelity and dreamed of living together — and that their husbands, who often saw marriage as an economic and child-raising arrangement, were unthreatened. Since most women were completely unable to make a living, the institution of heterosexual marriage happily coexisted with female bonding.

A number of factors combined to dramatically change things. As women gained more economic and political power in the post-World War I era, marriage manuals began touting the importance of emotional relationships within marriage. Probably not coincidentally, the medical establishment (particularly, the new Freudian sexologists) around this time "discovered" lesbianism and defined it as a perversion. Specifically, it was seen as an unnatural usurpation of the

male role, an aggravated case of penis envy that all women were afflicted with. Female-female crushes that had seemed normal a generation before suddenly became suspect, and those who had them went emotionally underground.

Then, in 1928, lesbian author Radclyffe Hall published *The Well of Loneliness*, a pseudoscientific plea for society to pity the Tormented Invert who, she argued, was sick, not sinful. Hall's heroine was Stephen Gordon, prototype of your basic crop-haired, tailored, man-trapped-inside-a-woman's-body butch. Her love object, who leaves her at the end of the novel for a "real" man (with Stephen's miserable blessing), is stereotypically feminine. While there had been isolated cases of women who had passed as men and gone to sea—and while there had also been a suffragist movement that was eager to grab male prerogatives for women—Stephen Gordon was a whole new phenomenon. Hall's personal fantasy dovetailed neatly with the growing conviction that lesbians were simply inferior men, and the book became a *succès de scandale*. For forty years thereafter, it was the single source that most women could find to help explain their sexual feelings for other women; Hall's butch-femme theme became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The feminist movement of the early Seventies ushered in yet another lesbian archetype: the dyke. Superficially not unlike the butch, the dyke was at heart a different creature—she looked mannish not because she identified with men, but because she was in conscious rebellion against the feminine role. Whereas the classic butch played down her femaleness as well as her femininity, dyke culture produced poetry about, say, the menstrual cycle. Dykes were *women*—sometimes even *wimmin*, *womyn* or *womb-moons*. They often cut themselves off from all men and from straight women. And they slept not with femmes, but with other dykes.

There are still plenty of butches, femmes and dykes around, but lately there seems to be a new wave on the lesbian scene. It is a style more militant (in the sense of what it demands from the straight world) and more mellow than dyke separatism. Perhaps it is best stated in the interview that trend-setting lesbian author and one-time dyke separatist Rita Mae Brown recently gave to the gay newspaper, the *Advocate*. "If I see one more work shirt," Brown said, sighing with distaste, "I'm just going to perish from it." The article was accompanied by a photo of Brown, reclining on a bed in a sex-kitten pose, casually draped in what appears to be a mink coat.

ASK A DOZEN LESBIANS WHAT THEY SEE IN WOMEN, AND you'll probably get a dozen different answers. But chances are that all of them will mention the word *emotional*. The film *Personal Best* rang false for many lesbians for the simple reason that the two protagonists seemingly managed to get into bed, live together for several years and break up without ever discussing their psyches or their relationship. (This quibble hasn't prevented Patrice Donnelly from becoming the pinup of the year on lesbians' bulletin boards.) But the emotional intensity that was missing from *Personal Best* is not a particularly gay sensibility; most women, gay or straight, seem to demand it in their relationships.

"For the majority of women, I suspect that sex isn't number one or even number two in what they're looking for in a partner," speculates sociologist Pepper Schwartz of the University of Washington. "It might make sense for them to choose someone who, say, likes to talk as much as they do, as it does to use any sexual criterion. In general, women sexualize that which they truly love. Men tend to be drawn to what turns them on, and then they learn to love it." Schwartz and her colleague Philip Blumstein are the reigning academic experts on bisexuality and are currently compiling a study comparing the lifestyles of some 12,000 gay-male, lesbian and straight couples. Early returns indicate that lesbian couples do tend to be the most emotionally expressive.

Nancy Chodorow, Dorothy Dinnerstein and other feminist scholars have explored the possibility that female sexuality differs from male sexuality because, for all of us, our first emotional connection in life was probably with a woman: our

mothers. (Such theories suggest, among other things, that the leap into homosexuality is a smaller one for women.) Boys, according to this line of inquiry, find their identity by separating from the all-powerful, love-radiating female principle; girls learn to embody it. One consequence is that males squelch their ability to relate to others emotionally, whereas females overinvest their identities in the same qualities.

A similar bit of conventional wisdom has it that standard gay-male sexual encounters (that is, with many different partners, chosen on the basis of pure physical attractiveness, frequently with no verbal interchange) are the logical extension of raw male sexuality—what *all* men would prefer, if their partners were willing. Lesbianism, accordingly, represents untrammelled female caring and communication. And to the extent that heterosexuality can be a well of loneliness, it's supposedly the fault of these two warring gender sensibilities. This theory tends to fall apart on a lot of specifics, not the least of which is the fact that lesbian nonmonogamy and S&M leather ladies are hot topics on the pages of *Gay Community News* these days. But it does help explain why women who are happy enough with male bodies might still be looking elsewhere for sexual satisfaction.

MOST WOMEN, OF COURSE, ARE NOT LESBIANS AND wouldn't want to be. Even for those who might be intrigued with the idea, lesbianism isn't exactly a ticket to the American Dream. Even as sexual liberalizations generally have made new sorts of couplings more open and acceptable, the country's recent lurch toward moral and political conservatism has engendered bizarre and frightening consequences.

Probably the most awful recent example is the case of Stephanie Riethmiller, a nineteen-year-old Cincinnati woman whose parents suspected she was having a lesbian affair with her roommate. Riethmiller's parents spent \$8000 to hire a squad of "deprogrammers" to mace her in the street, kidnap her and keep her locked up for a week with a man who, Riethmiller testified, raped her repeatedly while her parents sat in the next room. The parents were granted immunity by the prosecutor. A jury deadlocked on whether the deprogrammers were guilty of abduction and found them innocent of assault and sexual battery.

Even on college campuses, where friendships between women are likely to be intense, being gay is still not okay. In fact, a recent UCLA survey of the political and social views of some 300,000 freshmen at 540 colleges showed that some forty-nine percent favored laws against gay sex.

Sue came out last year, when she was a sophomore at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York. Her first female lover was her best friend. "It was beautiful," she says, grinning. "You should see the mushy poetry I wrote." At the time, Sue had been through a period of heterosexual promiscuity following a traumatic breakup with a boyfriend who, she says, "was the Man—I would cook and clean up, that was just assumed. I don't deny that I was in love with him, but I don't think I was half as satisfied sexually as I am now. After he came, that was it."

But after the initial glow wore off, Sue's girlfriend was unwilling to commit herself to the relationship. "She would say it was just an extension of our friendship, which meant that it didn't really count as a real competing relationship when she went out with men." The difference between them didn't seem to be that one was gay and one was straight in some bedroom sense, so much as that one was inner-directed, while the other cared a great deal about what people thought of her. Their friends were freaked out. One assumed that Sue and her lover were perpetrating a particularly hilarious practical joke. Another "insisted that I couldn't possibly be gay, because I was too boy-crazy to be gay." One dormmate cried and later took to locking her door when she was undressed. Sue's mother blamed the ex-boyfriend. Sue herself tells all these stories with the bemused irony of the survivor. She is now on her third female lover and feels as though she somehow managed to luck into life over the rainbow.

Nancy (a pseudonym) and Lauren—Vassar students who



ANDREA: 'It's questioning everything and inventing new ways to be.'

had a brief affair last year—are a little less blithe. Nancy looks like an angelic young Catherine Deneuve and her best friend, Lauren, is an impish Kate Jackson type; together, they resemble the gauzy, soft-core, young-girls-in-puppy-love photography of David Hamilton. But while they say they love each other, they've also decided that they can't handle sleeping together.

At the time of their affair, Nancy was (and still is) involved in a problematic but long-term relationship with a man who goes to another school some distance away. "Women glow," she says enthusiastically. "Men don't." Still, there is something about excising men from her life (not sex with men or life with a particular man, but some sort of abstract male principle) that makes her feel bereft and like a failure. She also felt more vulnerable in a lesbian relationship. "I got scared that I'd start pulling the same mind games and stuff that's gotten me into trouble with guys, but with a woman, there would be no excuse—it would just be me screwing up."

For Lauren, the nub of the matter was social pressure. "I worry that I won't be able to hug my straight women friends—they'll think that I want them." The openly gay population at

Vassar is comparatively small—about fifty or sixty men and women out of a student body of 2500—and several of its leaders received written death threats last year. Lauren finds herself playing "appearance games" to look conventionally feminine. "Most people would say that if you're gay, you're messed up. If you're a known gay, they can't get past that. Until it's a more accepting world, I don't know if I want it to be the first thing that people know about me."

BISEXUALITY HAS A BAD PRESS IN THE GAY COMMUNITY—undoubtedly because so many gays have had straight sex to stay in the closet or to prove that they're "universal." Political lesbians in particular are suspected of being sexual tourists. But there are also lifelong lesbians who sometimes sleep with men out of friendship (often gay men who won't lay a "cure" trip on the experience), and there are bisexual women who don't sleep with men at all.

Lizzy lives in the Bay Area, where she is a noted science-fiction writer as well as a college teacher and an instructor of aikido. In 1971, when she was twenty-six and going to graduate school at the University of Chicago, Lizzy broke up with her longtime boyfriend and took up with the exploding



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lesbian-feminist movement. "My life went through this massive change," she recalls. "It freed up my sexual energy something fierce. I began sleeping with women, writing and doing aikido, all in the same year."

For the last several months, however, Lizzy has been seeing a man she met through the martial arts. The relationship wasn't something she especially sought out. In fact, it began like a classic new-lesbian relationship, with a friendship that later took on a sexual resonance. "The sex is fun, which it never was before [with a man], and that pleases me, because I don't want to close off from anything," she says. "Maybe it's fun because I no longer feel I have to take second place to someone else's pleasures and potency." Her only regret is a somewhat annoying acquaintance with birth control.

The criticisms of politically correct lesbians don't trouble her—

Many of the men she's been involved with have been bisexual. She's also had lesbian relationships on and off since she was fourteen years old and feels "more of a psychological rapport with women. With very rare exceptions, I think men, by and large, just do not understand women." She has been openly active in the gay-rights movement.

Michèle is currently making a concerted effort to find women to go out with. It isn't easy. "I tend to be attracted to people who are somewhat older than I am, and who I have something in common with professionally. Men are easy—they pursue me. But most gay professional women in their thirties and forties are closet cases, and I freak them out."

She envies the cruising culture of gay men. "It's impossible usually to even know who is a lesbian—unless the person is a total stereotype, which I'm not particularly

**'In general, women
tend to sexualize that
which they truly love.
Men, on the other hand,
tend to be drawn
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and then they
learn to love it,' says
one sociologist.**

"I gave up asking permission from other people about my sex life a long time ago." Still, she acknowledges that if she were living in an environment where lesbians were more embattled than they are in San Francisco, she "wouldn't feel this free"—and would be loath to play into the stereotype that most gay women are really just looking for Mr. Right. "As far as I'm concerned," she adds, "I'm a lesbian who happens to be having an affair with a man."

Michèle is even harder to classify. A twenty-nine-year-old New York public-relations executive who's been married twice and led an unusually active heterosexual life, she considers herself "definitely leaning toward the heterosexual side of the Kinsey scale."

attracted to anyway. I think it's that women in general aren't casual about sex. Part of me likes the qualities that make women so interested in being able to form some kind of emotional bond. But if you're just looking for something casual, forget it. With women, things are always more complicated."

EXPERT OPINION ON LESBIANISM
in general and political lesbianism in particular is scant and contradictory. Alan P. Bell, an education professor at Indiana University and coauthor of the Kinsey study *Sexual Preference: Its Development in Men and Women*, acknowledged in a recent telephone interview that he knows "a lot less about lesbians [than about gay men]," and that he

has almost never met a "true bisexual." Bell's research (most of it done before the rise of the gay and women's movements but well regarded by gay groups) points, in the absence of other factors, to an inborn predisposition to homosexuality. "What feminism has done is to create a lot of permission in this area," Bell adds, implying that it is opportunity, rather than politics, that brings about true sexual preferences. Consequently, he theorizes, the number of gay females in the population may be increasing to match the number of gay males (generally acknowledged to be around ten percent).

Psychologist Michael Storms, of the University of Kansas, takes another view: his theory is that among the factors contributing to homosexuality is an individual's maturing sexually at an age when he or she is still in the "homosocial" (that is, "girls [or boys] are yucky") stage. Storms agreed with Bell that "girls are taught only to be sexy and sexually appealing, so a lot of women don't have a strong internal sense of sexual self. Given that, it's not at all unusual for people who are oriented in one direction to enjoy the sexual experience within the other orientation. The evidence seems to indicate that one's basic, underlying orientation is formed by the end of the high-school years, but that doesn't say anything about behavior." Whereas Bell seemed to think that adults who choose to have gay sex are probably gay, Storms wasn't positive. To label a political lesbian homosexual or heterosexual, he said, he would probably want to know which gender she fantasized about.

Still another point of view—that political lesbians are really straight—comes from Marcel T. Saghir and Eli Robins of the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. Writing in an anthology, *Homosexual Behavior: a Modern Reappraisal*, they note that "there appears to be presently an increasing tendency for some women who have had a heterosexual lifestyle... to commit themselves to homosexual relationships. The figures for the prevalence of such a shift are not available [although it] may partially reflect the increased emphasis on independence and assertiveness of women in society." Such women are "not truly homosexual," they insist, because "the most crucial aspect that defines homosexuality is the lifelong psychological tendencies to homosexual preferences, rather than the behavior itself."

If you talk to enough gay people, you'll also hear variations on all of the above. Some are con-

vinced they were gay in utero, and others trace their feelings to events that occurred at various points later on. Plenty of political lesbians believe that all of us are born with bisexual capabilities—and that they've simply reclaimed that natural state after a lifetime of social conditioning into heterosexuality. It seems prudent to accept the possibility that sexuality comes in different flavors, and that it isn't necessarily doled out to everyone with the same ice cream scoop.

TAKE ANDREA, A TWENTY-FOUR-year-old aspiring documentary filmmaker from Brooklyn who was straight until a year and a half ago. She came out at Oberlin College in Ohio, where, she recalls, "there was a lot of criticism about experimenting, being political lesbians and fooling with people's minds." Andrea denies that she was a sexual adventurer, although the presence of numerous healthy, happy lesbians in the vicinity did stir her imagination, and she deliberately took to hanging out with them—all the while conducting a fairly average heterosexual life.

The first time she kissed a woman, "I couldn't believe that her lips were so soft. And I felt so physically big. I had never thought of myself as being particularly small with a man, but all of a sudden I realized this was the physical role I played in relation to men. I had always considered myself a feminist, but relating to women sexually made me aware of how easily and unconsciously I fell into all the self-degrading games and stereotyped actions when I related to men as sexual partners."

Andrea grew up in a liberal New York home where "rebellion was encouraged, and ever since I was little, my parents espoused sexual freedom." Her parents aren't delighted with her interpretation of that message in her own life, but Andrea sees her lesbianism as just a natural expression of her personality and more consistent with her radical political views than heterosexuality could ever be. She acknowledges that sexual-outlaw status is part of the appeal. "What makes you gay? Sleeping with a woman? Well, that's great, but big deal. What matters is that it demands that we look at everything we've been taught in a totally new way, beyond sex, beyond fulfillment."

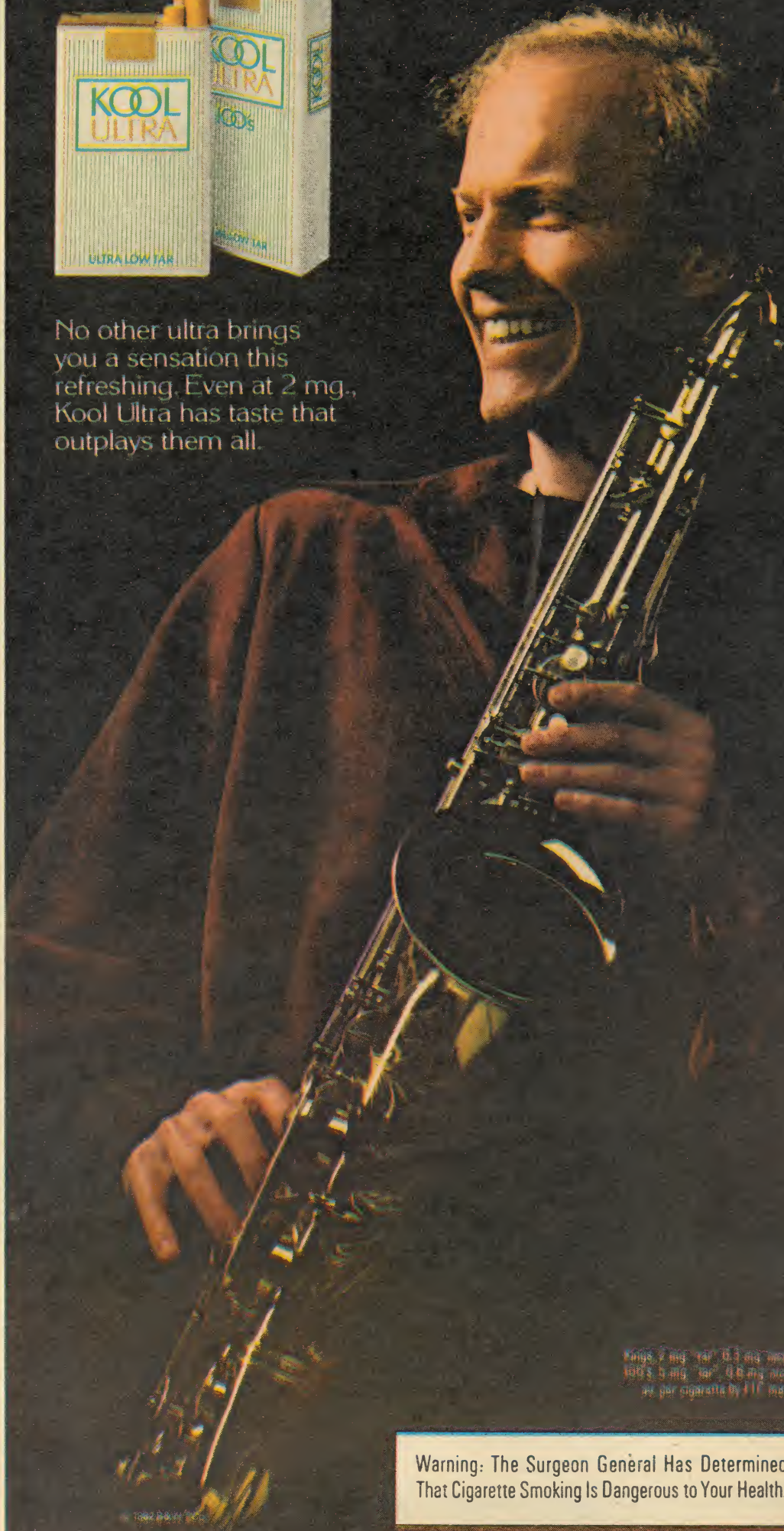
"It's questioning everything—and inventing new ways to be. That's really what's exciting." □

Except where noted, names used in this article are real, although most people chose to protect their privacy by not using their last names.

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D

irector Werner Herzog in Peru: creating images that only occur in dreams

JUNGLE Madness

**Mick Jagger had left,
Jason Robards nearly died,
but a steamship went
up an Amazon mountain.**

**Director Werner
Herzog talks about
his grand spectacle,
'Fitzcarraldo.'**

BY JONATHAN COTT

WERNER HERZOG, THE FORTY-year-old German filmmaker, isn't one to be daunted. When a dwarf actor injured himself on the set of the director's 'Even Dwarfs Started Small' (1969), Herzog, in order to encourage the cast and get the movie back on schedule, promised to jump into a gigantic cactus when shooting was finally finished. (He did.)

When the German film historian Lotte Eisner was sick and in a Paris hospital, Herzog decided to walk from Munich to the French capital, thinking that when he arrived there, she would be out of danger. (She was.) And when, in 1976, the volcano on the Caribbean island of La Soufrière seemed ready to erupt, and the inhabitants were shipped off to safety, Herzog sailed onto the island to film an extraordinary documentary about the one man who had refused to leave. (La Soufrière didn't explode, but who was to know?)

However, Herzog's most recent film, 'Fitzcarraldo,' almost proved his undoing. The movie, which takes place at the turn of the century in the Peruvian Amazon, tells of a man named Fitzcarraldo (played with irremediable frenzy by Klaus Kinski) who, so obsessed with raising money to build his own opera house in the jungle, decides to move a 320-ton steamboat over a steep hill from one river tributary to another in order to gain access to an inaccessible region of valuable rubber trees. Aided by hundreds of mysteriously motivated Indians, Fitzcarraldo oversees the amazing project: his boat is laboriously moved, foot by foot, over the hill, only to be unmoored by the Indians on the other side of the river bank. From there, it winds up careening into the raging rapids; the Indians view this as an act designed to appease the evil spirits of the river. Fitzcarraldo, his mission a failure, refuses to give up his operatic obsession. He salvages the damaged but still-floating boat and sails it proudly into the port of Iquitos, with a visiting opera troupe performing grandly on its deck.

Five years in the making (or unmaking, as it almost turned out), 'Fitzcarraldo' was plagued by a border war between Peru and Ecuador, a plane crash, feuding Indian tribes, a disastrous rainy season and illness. The original Fitzcarraldo, Jason Robards, came down with amoebic dysentery and was forced to go home; his sidekick in the film, Mick Jagger, couldn't return to the set because of the Rolling Stones' 1981 American tour. Undaunted, Herzog started again from scratch, rewrote the script, brought in Klaus

Kinski to play the lead role and somehow managed to finish the film—wresting, like Fitzcarraldo himself, success from failure. (Herzog's trials and tribulations are revealingly documented in Les Blank's 'Burden of Dreams,' a film about the making of 'Fitzcarraldo'.)

"There were days when I had the feeling that there was a curse on the whole project," Herzog said during our conversation in New York in September. "The real achievement of the film is that I finished it—that I would not stop, that I would not be scared away."

In 1973, you made 'Aguirre, the Wrath of God,' which was set in the Peruvian jungle. And now you've returned there for 'Fitzcarraldo.' One of the characters in this new film says that the jungle is full of "lies, demons, illusions." Why are you fascinated with it?

In the film, the old missionary tells Fitzcarraldo that he finds it hard to get the natives away from the idea that our everyday life is only an illusion behind which lie the realities of dreams. So when I refer to the illusions or dreams or hallucinations or demons of the jungle, I'm actually talking about an intensified form of reality....And it's a better part of reality, by the way [laughing]. All of a sudden, an event that hundreds of persons have witnessed is converted into some sort of mythical, distorted, dreamlike story—it's quite amazing. And you have to deal with these kinds of fantasies; they're part of the vapor that is sweat out by the jungle. That's what I like about the jungle, even though it just hits back at the idiot who comes in and wants to make a film there.

You've made films in the jungle as well as in the desert and on a volcanic island. What is it about these elemental landscapes that draws you to them?

These landscapes are extreme ends of what our planet is all about. And they have an enormous visual force. You can stylize and direct the desert and the jungle. Both of them are very good characters, and you can modify them as you would human characters.

But it seems as if these landscapes direct you as much as you direct them.

Yes, probably even more! I never saw it that way, but that's okay. I mean, Kinski, for example, directs me to a certain extent as well. Yes, that you are as much directed as you

actually direct a movie is an interesting idea, and one that I think applies to everyone who intensely makes films.

The ideas of direction and obsession always seem to be connected in your work, too.

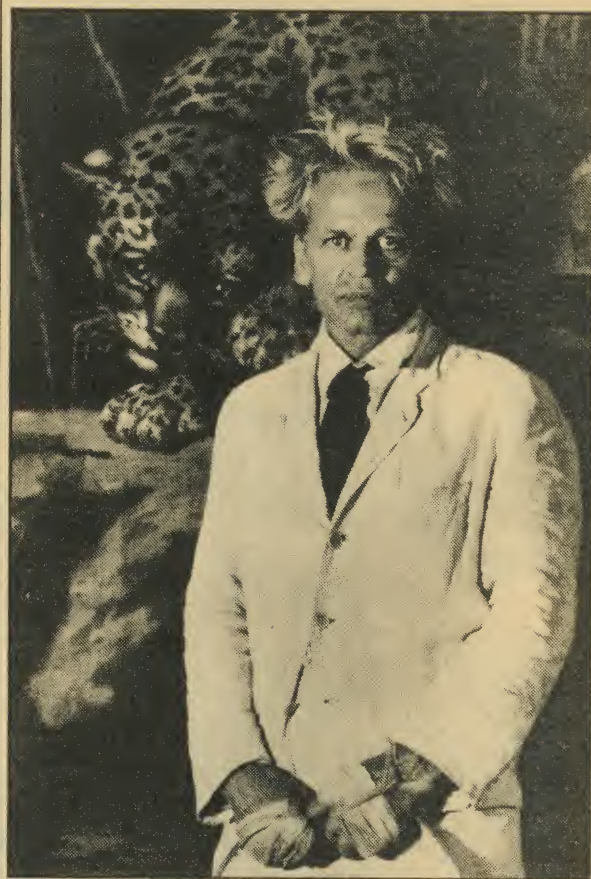
Of course. And you can see it easily in *Fitzcarraldo* or *Aguirre*. You know, I'd never been in the jungle before, yet I described it very vividly in the screenplay for *Aguirre*. And when a friend asked how I could describe it since I'd never been there, I replied, "I describe it with such intensity that the jungle has no choice but to be the way I imagine it." And, actually, it was! To a certain extent, filmmaking re-creates a jungle, or it puts it into a certain form that is somehow almost beyond the very nature of the jungle....But the jungle has its other side as well, since it makes me part of it....against my better judgment and my will. And, of course, against my pleasure, my easy life.

After spending such a long time in the jungle, what was it like for you to return to civilization?

Coming back to Germany—and the United States, too; I wouldn't make such a big distinction—was such a shock! It's always been unsettling, but this time it was a very deep shock. I had the feeling that I'd landed in a country that was filled with lunatics! And I had the feeling that the real life was going on down there, the kind of a life that we should be leading as human beings, and that somehow life here was all sick and wrong and distorted. Of course, this was a shock reaction, and it faded away to a certain degree. But the basic feeling has never left me—that the very reality of our existence does not take place here. Not anymore. To me, the States, for example, are exotic...not Peru and the jungle.

What about it is exotic to you?

When you step into an airplane, for instance, everyone smiles



Klaus Kinski as Fitzcarraldo

JONATHAN COTT is a contributing editor of *ROLLING STONE* and coeditor of the book 'The Ballad of John and Yoko.'

at you. Almost automatically, when there's no reason to smile. It's just frightening [*laughing*].

In *'Fitzcarraldo,'* the Indians are just as obsessed as Fitzcarraldo himself. He wants to build an opera house in the jungle, and they want to appease the evil spirits of the river rapids.

Both sides think they are doing the same thing for the same purpose. And it ends, of course, in a great achievement for the natives and a disaster for Fitzcarraldo, though he converts it into a triumph.... But they simply have different dreams.

But are they really that different? Fitzcarraldo thinks that the playing of a Caruso record as his boat floats down the Amazon will soothe the natives' savage breasts and pacify the demonic forces.

There's an instant respect and rapport between the two. And when the boat crashes through the rapids, it jerks the gramophone so that it starts playing opera music.... All the realistic noises fade away, and you only hear Caruso singing on this scratchy record. And that makes it into some sort of very stylized, dreamlike event.... And the pulling of the boat over the mountains also becomes an operatic event. When the boat actually passes over the mountain, you no longer see any people, and it's as if the boat were gliding by its own force over the top. That's what I like very much. Had we shown anyone there, it would have been a realistic event, an event of human labor, of human work. Now they are images that only occur in dreams.

How did the boat get up that mountain?

We had a rainy season, which was unprecedented—at least for a century—and we had landslides every second day. So we needed a bulldozer to clean the path all the way up. And we needed it to level the ground a bit, because the inclination was too steep—we had to dig ourselves about a hundred feet deep

into the mountaintop. It also gave us a good part of the power for pulling the cable, but that's not the decisive element. We had about 700 native Indians who actually moved the winches, and they provided much of the pulling force. But, theoretically speaking, I myself could have pulled the boat over the mountain with one little finger, given the fact that we had a pulley system with a 10,000-fold transmission. It would have taken very little strength; I would have had to pull the rope about five miles, say, until the boat moved five inches.

One of the problems was the weight of the boat, which sank into the mud, and how to put it on rails or logs. But the main problem was the inclination. Very real things occurred that we couldn't look up in any book of instructions about how to pull a boat over a mountain, because nobody had done that before. It was the small, technological things that we had to learn in a very painful procedure. For the reality is: boats do not go over mountains, they don't fly, and there is such a thing as gravity. But *Fitzcarraldo* has a very defiant attitude toward gravity. It's a film that works in defiance of the laws of nature. And, of course, you run into deep trouble that way.

People have wondered why you didn't just build a small replica of the boat and have it going over a fake mountain?

Because you would have seen the difference, there's no doubt about that. Movie audiences are quite sophisticated nowadays, and they'd know that this was a trick, even though they wouldn't be able to identify it precisely.

This also concerns a basic attitude I have concerning images on the screen. I want audiences to trust their own eyes again. It's very strange: when the boat starts going up the mountain, everyone watching this scene in the movie theater starts whispering to his neighbor and pointing at the screen, because he or she wants to find the trick. No one believes it. And then after, let's say, twenty seconds, everything calms

down, and when you sit with an audience, you can sense that all the viewers are back in a position such that they can trust their eyes again.

Cinema has deviated very far from this. Science-fiction films, for example, are wonderful because they're pure imagination, and that's what cinema is all about. But on the other hand, all of these films hint that what you see is artificially made in a studio with back projection and miniature spacecraft. But this isn't to say that a film like *Star Wars* shouldn't be made.

Would you like to make a science-fiction film?

I've thought about making one, but what I'd want to do—and what I did in *Fata Morgana*—is take what you can find here on earth and give it a certain quality of something that can't possibly exist on this planet.

In that sense, *'Fitzcarraldo'* is like a science-fiction movie.

It may be, yes—probably because *Fitzcarraldo* and *Star Wars* are at such opposite ends that, behind our backs, the two films come very close to each other.

Have you seen *'E.T.'*?

No, but all the people in whose solid and sound judgment I trust liked the film. That means a lot to me. I want to see it.

What recent films have moved you?

I liked *The Elephant Man* and *Eraserhead* awhile back. And there is one great work I saw at the Cannes Film Festival—a Turkish film called *Yol*, directed by Yilmaz Güney, which won the grand prize. And I must say, it's one of the films that has touched me so deeply—like barely anything else in the last ten years. It's just a masterpiece.... But there is one truth: there are many more festivals than good movies.

How did you feel about Rainer Werner Fassbinder's death?

I'm cautious about saying that everything he made was good now that he's dead. I found many of his films quite slovenly made and bad. For example, I find *Lola* to be a very bad film. I was so annoyed that, for the first time, I wanted to go to the box office and ask for my money back. At the end, I was too cowardly to do it, but I think it's a bad film.

It was always strange with Fassbinder. He would make three or four films I didn't like, and I almost lost confidence in him. And then he would come up with a great film. It was always like that. But it's sad that he's not around anymore, because he was like a sweating, grunting, fat and nasty wild boar who would just run through the underbrush and open a path behind him that was passable for everyone else. And it's sad, because we need that kind of wild creature. I was never close to him, yet I miss him.

Before you reshot and recast *'Fitzcarraldo'* with Klaus Kinski, what was it like working with Mick Jagger?

I left his entire part out in my final script because I liked him so much as a performer in the film. He was so extraordinary I had the feeling that any kind of replacement would be an embarrassment. He's a great actor, and nobody has seen that.

I liked his attitude very much. In *Iquitos*, he had a rented car, a small Volkswagen; when we had some trouble getting people across town, he would chauffeur them for us. But that was only part of his general attitude. What I liked very much about him was that he knew the value of real work. And he's a professional in the very best sense of the word. The test on Mick was particularly strong because, during the past fifteen years, he has lived quite a different life—a life where everything is organized by people. But he adapted very quickly to the circumstances.

In the film, someone calls Fitzcarraldo "the conquistador of the useless."

It's meant as an insult, but he takes pride in being the conquistador of the useless. And so am I [*laughing*]. No, what I'm doing isn't completely useless, though it sometimes comes close to it. But our existence would be sad and useless if we didn't have literature or music or movies. □



Mick Jagger proved to be irreplaceable. After he left the film, his part was cut.



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THE GOLD THAT'S WORTH ITS WAIT.



LAST TIME AROUND

THE WHO SAY GOODBYE

BEFORE THEY GET

OLD, AND HELLO TO A VERY

UNCERTAIN FUTURE

BY KURT LODER

PHOTOS • NEAL PRESTON



FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS, ROGER Daltrey watched Pete Townshend slowly killing himself with drugs and alcohol. It was almost a parody of rock-star decadence: Pete moved out on his wife and children and started making the rounds of trendy London clubs, slugging back brandy all night till he was nearly comatose, snorting cocaine to keep up the pace, dabbling in heroin and God knows what else. After twenty years together in a band that ultimately attained the heights of rock celebrity as the Who, Daltrey saw Townshend throwing away a life that apparently had come to mean more to Who fans than it did to Town-

THE WHO ON TOUR: DALTREY (LEFT) CHECKS OUT FIRST-NIGHT CROWD.



PETE TOWNSHEND TAKES OFF IN PITTSBURGH, JOINS ROGER DALTREY ON 'LONG LIVE ROCK'; BELOW, BUFFALO.



shend himself. Finally, late last year, the tormented guitarist hit bottom. After a night of furious dissipation at London's Club for Heroes, Townshend suddenly turned blue and collapsed, and had to be rushed to the nearest hospital.

Daltrey couldn't take it anymore. Something drastic had to be done, and he knew, at last, what it was. One night during Townshend's extended convalescence, the Who held a meeting at their manager's house, and Daltrey dropped the bomb: "I don't want to tour anymore."

For a man who still loved the Who as passionately as he ever had in his teens—maybe more—those were the saddest words in the world. But if Townshend were to be stopped from following Who drummer Keith Moon into an early grave, Daltrey felt he had no other choice.

"See, Pete didn't want to tour for years there before Moonie died," he explains. "I was the instigator—I was responsible for getting him back on the road after 1978. And after three tours of America, he was a bloody junkie. I felt responsible for that. It was really hard to live with, and I just don't want to do it anymore. I mean, I think the world of that guy. I think enough of him to stop the Who."

Not stop it cold, of course. They could do one last world tour—as long as they *called* it that, and knew it was *fini*, they could deal with it. "I want to end the group in the right way," says Daltrey. "On top, before we become parodies of ourselves. Then we can give Pete some freedom, because he deserves it."

Townshend is still struck by Daltrey's selfless and loving gesture. The two have had many a well-publicized row over the years, and yet, says Pete, "Roger was the most vociferous member of the group in saying that he would do anything, give up anything—even give up the group—if it would make me happy, you know? If it would *get me happiness*."

The question now, of course, is: will it?

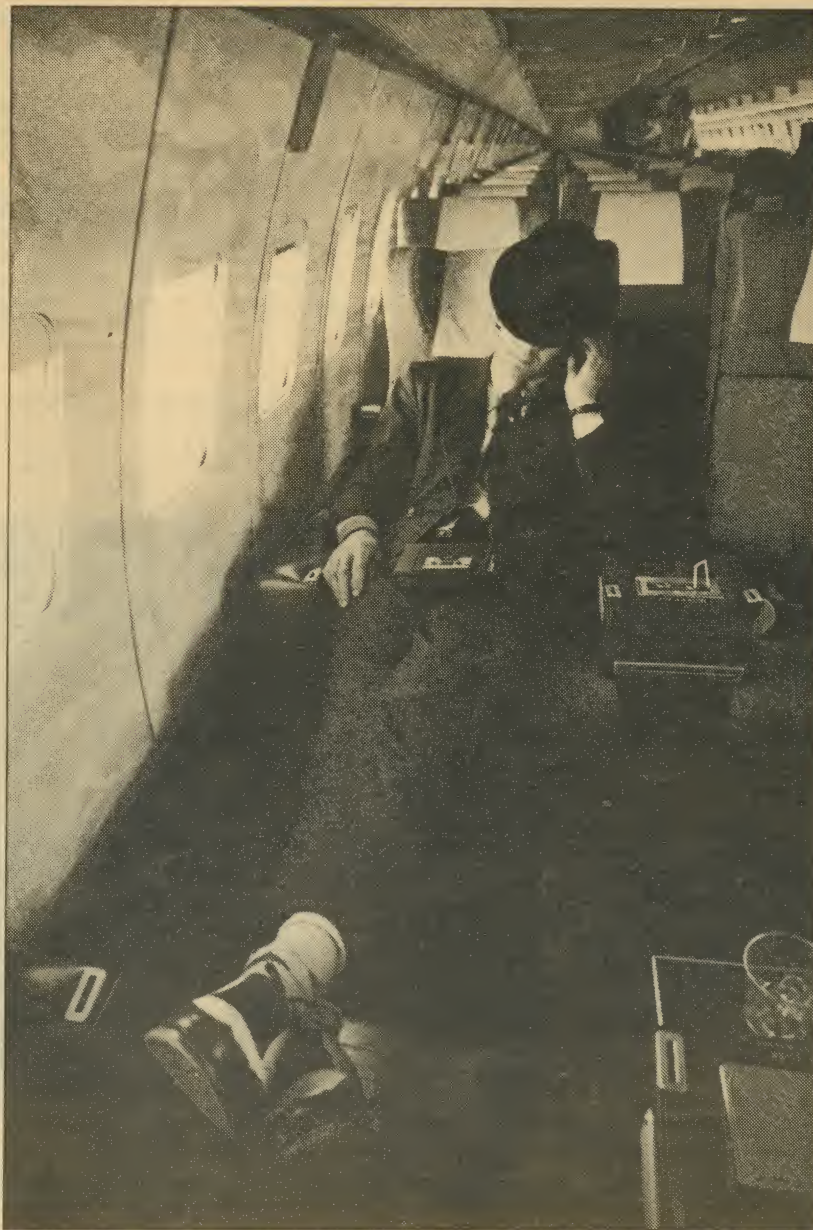
ONE WEEK INTO THE WHO'S LAST full-scale tour, all is quiet. Frankly, it's a little weird. Fifteen years ago, when Keith Moon was alive and destroying drum kits and hotel rooms with equal abandon, the Who's celebrated road antics earned them a lifetime ban from the Holiday Inns of America. But this afternoon, up on the sixth floor of the Greentree Marriott, near downtown Pittsburgh, a librarial silence prevails—you can almost hear the twiddling of thumbs behind each closed door. Can this be the same crazed band that exploded out of London's heady Mod scene in 1965?

No, of course not. One understands. This is the Who that survived into the Eighties, and its members, dispersed in their various suites, are conserving their no-longer-boundless energy for tonight's show at the 17,500-seat Civic Arena. There are eight tough weeks to go on this farewell tour, and looning takes a low priority.

Townshend has already caught a cold, which may explain the two sweaters he's wearing, if not the faded pink handkerchief that's knotted around his wrist. A copy of *Nostromo*, the Joseph Conrad novel, lies on a table near the sofa where he's sitting, and a stack of portable recording equipment—an adjunct to on-the-road songwriting—stands against a far wall. Or a year after nearly cashing in his chips, Townshend looks a little ragged, but he's obviously sober and straight. His only remaining vice is a penchant for miniature Indian cigarettes, which he smokes steadily.

"I do miss a drink before going onstage," he admits, raking a hand through his disheveled hair. "Even just a small brandy would always stop me from feeling nervous. But once I get on the stage now, I'm okay. I don't miss it," he says, waving the bad old days away. "I don't miss any of it."

And the days of big tours, big money, big roaring crowds—will he miss any of that? He stubs out a tiny butt and sighs. "I think there's a certain amount of relief about the fact that it's the last tour. There's a tremendous amount of sadness, though, as well, because I know it's not what everybody wants." Bassist John Entwistle, for example, loves being on the road more than any other aspect of his involvement in the Who. Therefore, Pete says, "I think John is probably... more than sad. He's not at all vocal, and that makes it very difficult,



THE REFORMED PETE TOWNSHEND, LIVING IT UP

because he's actually sittin' and tryin' to work out how he feels half the time. But I think I know him well enough to know that he will probably mourn the Who more than anybody in the world. He's losing a vehicle for his talent and passion that he knows he'll never be able to find anywhere else."

It would, of course, be possible to accommodate Entwistle—keep the band in shape, maybe perform on some sort of reduced but semiregular annual schedule. Townshend stares down at his sizable feet, which are nestled in black velvet slippers with inscrutable golden crests, and he cradles his famous nose in a clump of Kleenex. "I very much doubt that will happen," he says with a soft honk.

ROCK & ROLL GLAMOUR IS IN similarly short supply in each of the other band members' rooms. Entwistle, the stolid bassist, is in the grip of a backache that won't give up. Kenney Jones, the drummer—who is weathering a divorce and has kicked a debilitating booze habit—fidgets away the offstage hours compulsively gulping Perrier. Daltrey, a fitness buff, has beaten back the gout that plagued him on previous tours but is still pained by a back injury he sustained while filming *Tommy* eight years ago. Only Tim Gorman, the affable, conservatory-trained Californian who's playing keyboards on this tour, seems unscarred by his calling, happily munching cheese and *crudités* from a vast room-service platter as he waits for showtime.

Is this how it all ends—in a whimper of cheese and Perrier? Not exactly; Who fans needn't wear out their arms waving

goodbye. Because, although it's billed as their U.S. swan song, this latest excursion (which kicked off September 22nd near Washington D.C.) is also the longest tour the Who have mounted in twelve years; given the group's well-known volatility, anything might happen between now and mid-December, when the tour concludes. And they do have a future, however ambiguous: The band will tour Britain and Europe in the new year, then Australia, and for the first time, Japan. And Bill Curbishley, the group's enterprising manager, is already talking about the possibility of playing a quick cluster of dates sometime in 1984 and perhaps fulfilling the Who's longstanding plan to play Eastern Europe—maybe even doing *Tommy* at Moscow's opera house. As Kenney Jones says: "Little and often is the word—one-off concerts, or three or four days somewhere."

So there is a master plan, of sorts: the Who will leave the road because it's killing them—or, more precisely, because it was killing Townshend—and in the future will congregate only to record albums and perhaps perform the occasional brief burst of concerts. They've had it all, and now the three original members—Townshend, Daltrey and Entwistle—are crowding forty. Their generation—the pill-head Mods and flower kids of the Sixties—is just another blip in the cultural memory bank. Hanging on to traipse on stages for yet another new wave of fans, they would run an increasing risk of becoming ridiculous. Or worse, boring. As Daltrey says one evening, squinting into the setting sun outside his hotel-room window: "I can't see the Who without its energy. If I go downhill, and if Pete gets

slower... well, like it or not, the arm swingin' and the mike twirlin' are important to the Who. I mean, could you see us just standin' onstage, just playin'?" Daltrey's brow bunches up over his pale blue eyes, twin reflections of Townshend's own azure orbs. "Do you really want to see the Who like that?" he asks.

ON THIS TOUR, AT LEAST, NO ONE HAS SEEN the Who like that. Buoyed by what they conceive as a sprint toward some sort of final curtain, they have been burning through their two-hour-plus sets, lashing out the songs from their new album, *It's Hard*, with all the fire of their great, anthemic hits. So far, it seems like a great way to go out—on top, as Roger says. Even Mick Jagger, who turned up with his daughter, Jade, for the Who's second concert, at John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia, was suitably impressed—and not just because his old pals had set a house ticket-sales record at the same stadium where the Rolling Stones had played one year earlier.

"Mick was up on the side of the stage," Daltrey recalls, "and afterward, I said, 'Are you waitin' to go out and do it again?' And I think, suddenly, he really might have looked out at that crowd and saw what we were doin', and thought, 'Maybe we should have called that *our* last tour, too.'"

The Who and the Stones go way back, but Pete is still bemused by Mick's tough business head. They spoke briefly in Philadelphia. "He was saying to me, 'Well, we started off in Philly, and then we went to Buffalo—it's 400 miles, you know, a very heavy thing for the trucks.'" Pete cackles appreciatively. "I don't give a shit how far it is for the trucks. I just play."

Which is not to say that Townshend is a complete dummy about the mechanics of taking a rock band on the road. There are several levels of touring, and the Who have been through them all. They started, of course, at the penniless-unknown level, in which aspiring rockers commandeer a friendly automobile, pile their pathetic equipment into it and drive off to spend the night in some forlorn pub, playing for free beer and change. If they're *really* penniless—as Townshend, Daltrey and Entwistle were when they first came together as teenagers in a West London band called the Detours—they have to *build* their own instruments.

The next level is opening up for established acts. The Detours opened for the Rolling Stones before that band had even cut a record, and after Keith Moon joined the lineup in 1964, Townshend and company opened for the Beatles and the Kinks. In the days of package tours, they also played support for such briefly celebrated bands as Screaming Lord Sutch, and Johnny Kidd and the Pirates (whose guitarist, Mick Green, had developed a hybrid style of lead and rhythm playing that exerted a heavy influence on the young Townshend). Those shows were a lot of fun. Entwistle recalls a time the band played a package that included the Herd, a teen-pop band that featured Peter Frampton. For a laugh, he says, "I tied Frampton to a radiator by his scarf and wouldn't let him go onstage." No one took the music business too seriously in those days.

To attain the next rung on the ladder, a band needs a hit record. The Who's first single, "I'm the Face," released in 1964 during a period when they were briefly known as the High Numbers, was not a smash. But "I Can't Explain," released in January 1965 and credited to the Who, put them on a roll, and they had strong followups that same year with "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" and the epochal "My Generation." Hitmakers of such consistency become pop stars, and whole new worlds of indulgence open up: drugs (pills in the Who's case; pot, too, in Pete's), money, cars, girls. The Who rode their ever-cresting fame through the Sixties (*Happy Jack*, *The Who Sell Out*, *Tommy*) and into the Seventies (*Live at Leeds*, *Who's Next*, *Quadrophenia*).

Today, of course—despite the spottiness of such albums as *Who Are You*, their last with the doomed Moon, and the muddled 1981 LP *Face Dances*, which even the band didn't much like—the Who occupy a level of charismatic renown that's shared only by such survivors as the Rolling Stones. They've come out on the other end of the pipeline. Vulgar display is no longer necessary, but touring is still an enormously complex undertaking. In their early days, the Who would go on tour with two road managers and a light man; today, their traveling crew—swollen by ShowCo sound technicians and Tasco Light—numbers about ninety people. Ten trucks are required to cart their gear from gig to gig. And on the opening dates of their current tour, a 100-seat Boeing 707 was requisitioned—generally available at an estimated cost of about \$5000 per hour—to fly the band and about a score of associates from city to city. When ninety people are eating and sleeping off a band's profits, some sort of compensation becomes essential. As the Rolling Stones did last year with Jovan fragrances, the Who have signed a lucrative sponsorship deal with Schlitz beer (see related story, page 44). In return for appearing in two thirty-second Schlitz commercials, allowing their music to be used in other Schlitz ads and permitting the Schlitz name to be used on concert tickets, the Who will receive a pot of money (described by a Schlitz spokesman as a seven-figure amount and "the biggest corporate-sponsored rock-music entertainment

ever undertaken"). Then, there is merchandising—the sale of tour T-shirts and jerseys (ten to eighteen dollars apiece this year), tour programs (five dollars each) and, in an innovative move, an authorized biography called *The Who: Maximum R&B*, a four-color trade paperback that is being sold for fourteen dollars a copy. Every little bit helps.

So this is a big-money tour, but it is being carried off with a certain style. Townshend, a friend of the gentry back home in Twickenham, may take the stage in protopunk garb—black leather jacket and jeans—but when he steps off that chartered plane in the next city, he's likely as not to be wearing a tailored suit, silk tie and expensive two-toned wing tips. Meet the new boss.

BUSINESS SMARTS DON'T

necessarily come with the bagfuls of money that accrue to *arriviste* rockers, however. One day not too long ago, Townshend went to draw some funds from a group of Who-related



STILL ON TOP AT THE END OF THE ROAD . . .

companies clustered under the name Eel Pie—and discovered not only that the coffers were bare, but that he was in debt to the tune of some \$1 million. He's since sold off some of the companies—the Magic Bus Bookshop and a P.A.-equipment rental company that kept the Who's stage equipment profitable when the group wasn't using it—and he doesn't sound particularly worried.

"It's not like it's my money," he says. "It's company money, money that I invested. Personally, I have got financial security. I've got a home, a car—I've got everything that I need."

But as the Who say their long goodbye to the big-time concert grind, there's another fly in the ointment—a real threat to the master plan of turning the Who into essentially a studio-only band. His name is John Entwistle.

Entwistle seems to be a stoic type. Although he's in the final stages of a divorce, he and his longtime American girlfriend, a striking brunette named Max, are demonstratively happy, and he says he loves his life at home in England, where he collects vintage guitars, stuffed fish, antique armor and purebred chickens. But this "last tour" business with the Who, well, it really honks him off. Of all the times for Roger and Pete to discover something they can agree on.

"You know," Entwistle says one night in his hotel room as a TV set drones soothingly in the background, "I don't intend to get off the road. At the moment, Roger and Pete are both agreein'—about this bein' the final tour and about the whole way they want to structure the Who's career. But I completely disagree. I think the way it's gonna be structured, we're gonna be still playing, but playing extremely badly, and rustily. I mean, to do one concert, you still need to do four

weeks' rehearsal. And I don't think it's *worth* rehearsin' four weeks for one concert."

He lights a cigarette. "There's not much I can do about it except hope they change their minds. They frequently do, but in this case, I don't think they will."

So if the Who stop touring, he doesn't want to be involved in just making records with them? "Um, no," Entwistle says. "I mean, from my point of view, I'm not prepared to just carry on doing albums. If the touring isn't there, then I'd rather get my own thing together, which involves touring as well."

Interesting.

VERY INTERESTING, ACTUALLY.

Especially to Townshend and Daltrey, who have heard nothing about Entwistle's decision to bail out if the band really quits the road.

"He told you that?" says Daltrey the next day in Indianapolis. He's a bit taken aback, but after all these years, obviously nothing that happens within the Who really surprises him anymore. But could the Who bring in another bassist and still call themselves the Who?

"I don't know," says Daltrey carefully. "We'll have to cross that bridge when we come to it. I mean, I'm pretty ruthless about keepin' the Who together, and if John doesn't want to do it, then..." He's really thinking this one over now. "You see," he suddenly says, "John never *says* anything. We have meetings, and John actually says absolutely nothing—never has, never will. If we have a meetin', it'll be Pete and me talkin' and the other two just sittin' there. I mean, you never really get to know what John feels. So, in the end, it's just really what Pete and I want to do... I'm sure if Pete and I wanted to do it and still call it the Who, we could do it successfully."

STRANGE NEWS TRAVELS

fast. At the concert that night in Indianapolis, the Who cranked up a rather emphatic version of "Long Live Rock," and as Townshend charged into the guitar solo, thrashing and flailing at his long-suffering Telecaster, he also started leaping across the stage to where Entwistle was standing and pumping out bass. When he reached Entwistle's ear, he shouted—the mouthing was unmistakable from the side of the stage—"Fuck you!" But then he broke into this big, goofy grin, rolled his eyes up in his head like the village spaz and bopped his way back to his amps. Lord knows...

Backstage after the show, Townshend slumped on a dressing-room couch and considered Entwistle's dark mutterings. Was he serious?

"I think he's serious," Pete said. "I don't quite know... It's one of the big question marks. You know, John's playin', the fulfillment he gets from the way that he plays, can only be experienced in a road situation—and *possibly* only with the Who. But I think when the band does stop workin', each member is gonna go through a different set of withdrawals, you know? If John feels that he couldn't even address himself to the prospect of doin' recording, then of course we've got a problem." Townshend cracks a sly grin. "He'll have to find about \$1 million to give back to Warner Bros. He'll have to sell one of his 450 basses or something."

But if he leaves, could he be replaced? Would the resulting band still be the Who? After all, Roger thinks that as long as Daltrey and Townshend are up there, it still *is* the Who.

Pete shakes his head. "That is so mistaken," he says. "I mean, it would be Townshend and Daltrey—or Daltrey and Townshend." Another grin. "But, oh, it would *not* be the Who."

Well, what's the story with this band, then? This is the last U.S. tour because Pete Townshend is tired of the road—but then, according to the master plan, the group's apparently going to spend most of next year on the road. Will Entwistle leave the band? Will Townshend find a way to keep this show together?

Pete has a definite *que será* look in his eye. "I think the Who's relationships are more about need than desire," he says. "We don't necessarily *want* to be dependent on one another, but we *are*. So it doesn't matter whether you walk away from this relationship. . . ." He spreads his palms, all-explaining. "It still remains." □

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Joni Mitchell has a new one

Right now, I'd rather be painting," says **Joni Mitchell** on the eve of the release of *Wild Things Run Fast*, her first studio album since 1979's jazz outing, *Mingus*, and her most pop-oriented effort since *Court and Spark* eight years ago. But Mitchell won't have much time for painting in the coming months; she's pre-

paring to hit the concert trail to support the new record. And just what are its commercial prospects? "I'm not expecting anything," says Mitchell. "I listen to the radio a lot, and I hear a lot of stations where it would fit into their programming, but I'm not a programmer. Easy-listening stations could handle it, some things are raw and driving enough for a hard-rock station, and a couple of songs would work on jazz stations. But that's just what would happen if everything were

Joni at the keyboard

going perfectly for me."

Mitchell's tour will get under way early next year, and she'll be accompanied by many of the musicians used on the record. She'll hit the United States, Japan and Europe—much of which she hasn't played in ten years. "The last time I played Amsterdam," she laughs, "I was on the bill with **Jackson Browne**, and we were both traveling with only a guitar."

Paul parties with Sting

*Sting joined Paul and Linda McCartney last month at Abbey Road Studios to celebrate the publishing of *The Guinness Book of 500 British No. 1 Hits*. **Roger Waters** and **Steve Winwood** were also on hand.*



Stations buy up Who tickets

Two Texas radio stations have purchased the entire stock of tickets for the **Who's** concerts in their areas. Houston's KSRR shelled out \$975,000 for the privilege of selling 65,000 fifteen-dollar seats, and Dallas' KZEW—"K-Zoo" to you—bought out the entire Cotton Bowl for a whopping \$1.4 million. "We just worked out a deal where we would eliminate any risk on their part and guarantee that they would sell [all] 80,000 tickets," says KZEW program director Andy Lockridge.

Such financial risks probably seem petty to a Milwaukee deejay who calls himself "Tim, the Rock & Roll Animal." Upon hearing that the **Who** would once again overlook the city on their U.S. swing, the daring WQFM jock climbed out on a three-and-a-half-foot ledge twenty-one stories up and vowed not to leave until the **Who** agreed to play. "The city really pulled together," says Tim, who spent fourteen days battling the elements until **Roger Daltrey** called to say that the band would play Milwaukee on December 6th.

Ronstadt benefit a bust

The Colorado State Legislature's Joint Budget Committee had what must have seemed to them a good idea: to make up for the more than \$600,000 cut from the budget of the Denver Museum of Natural History, why not authorize a small expenditure—say, \$200,000—for a benefit concert? And the State

Fair Commission must have figured that **Linda Ronstadt** couldn't fail to sell out the McNichols Arena. Great idea. But in the less than four weeks between the announcement of the show and its scheduled date of September 29th, the concert had sold only 3000 of 18,000 seats and had to be canceled—at a cost to the state of \$65,000.



Kevin Kline's many talents

Who was that stomping at the Savoy last month? None other than *Pirates of Penzance* alumni **Kevin Kline**, **Treat Williams** and **Rex Smith**, whose band, **Crime and Punishment**, made a well-received debut at a benefit bash for the Second Stage, New York's hot Off-Broadway theater. Kline—soon to appear in *Sophie's Choice* and the film version of *Pirates*—earned plaudits when he took center stage for some solo

Williams, Kline and Smith

keyboard work and a rendition of Randy Newman's "Sail Away." He was rejoined by his confreres for zesty run-throughs of "Jailhouse Rock" and "Brown Sugar." **Patti LuPone** of *Evita* followed with a cabaret set, during which she made mention of her longtime association with Kline, quipping, "I could sue for palimony." When the fun began to wind down, some of the gang, which also included such luminaries as **Elizabeth McGovern**, **Susan Sarandon**, **Diane Keaton** and **Jill Clayburgh**, repaired to a Chelsea eatery.



With friends like Andy...

Maybe California governor Jerry Brown doesn't want to shed his space-cadet image after all. He recently had dadaist comic Andy Kaufman entertain at a fundraiser for his senatorial campaign. No word on who Tony Clifton is supporting.

Go-Go's go for L.A. Dodgers

It looks like love for America's favorite rock & roll heart-throb, Belinda Carlisle. The Go-Go's vocalist says she's fallen for Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder Mike Marshall. "We met on the telephone," explained Carlisle. "He'd seen our video on cable and, I guess, wanted to get in touch with me. So he invited me to a game, and I invited him to the Hollywood Bowl. And we've been getting on very well." So well, in fact, that after about a one-month courtship, the pair set up house together in the L.A. suburb of Marina Del Rey. While on tour, Belinda says she fends off loneliness with late-night calls to her beau and occasional glances at his baseball card. Marshall confessed to the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* that he's smitten as well. "Sometimes when I've seen her, holy cow! She's wearing stripes and costume jewelry. But she's definitely toned it down." Carlisle and Marshall aren't the only Go-Go's/Dodgers jock-rock two-

some: guitarist Charlotte Caffey is thick with pitcher Bob Welch.

Meanwhile, the Go-Go's tour continues, though the band had to cancel two dates when drummer

Gina Schock had to spend a few days in the hospital with a stomach infection. "I wasn't even abusing myself," griped Schock.

Belinda Carlisle has plenty to salute these days—especially her new beau, Mike Marshall (inset).



Mick and Jade Jagger take in the show

Mick Jagger and daughter Jade (with Rolling Stones aide Jane Rose, left) leave JFK Stadium in Philadelphia after checking out the Who. Said bassist John Entwistle, 'I saw Jagger coming toward me, and I said, "Jesus, they've dropped me off at the wrong show!"'

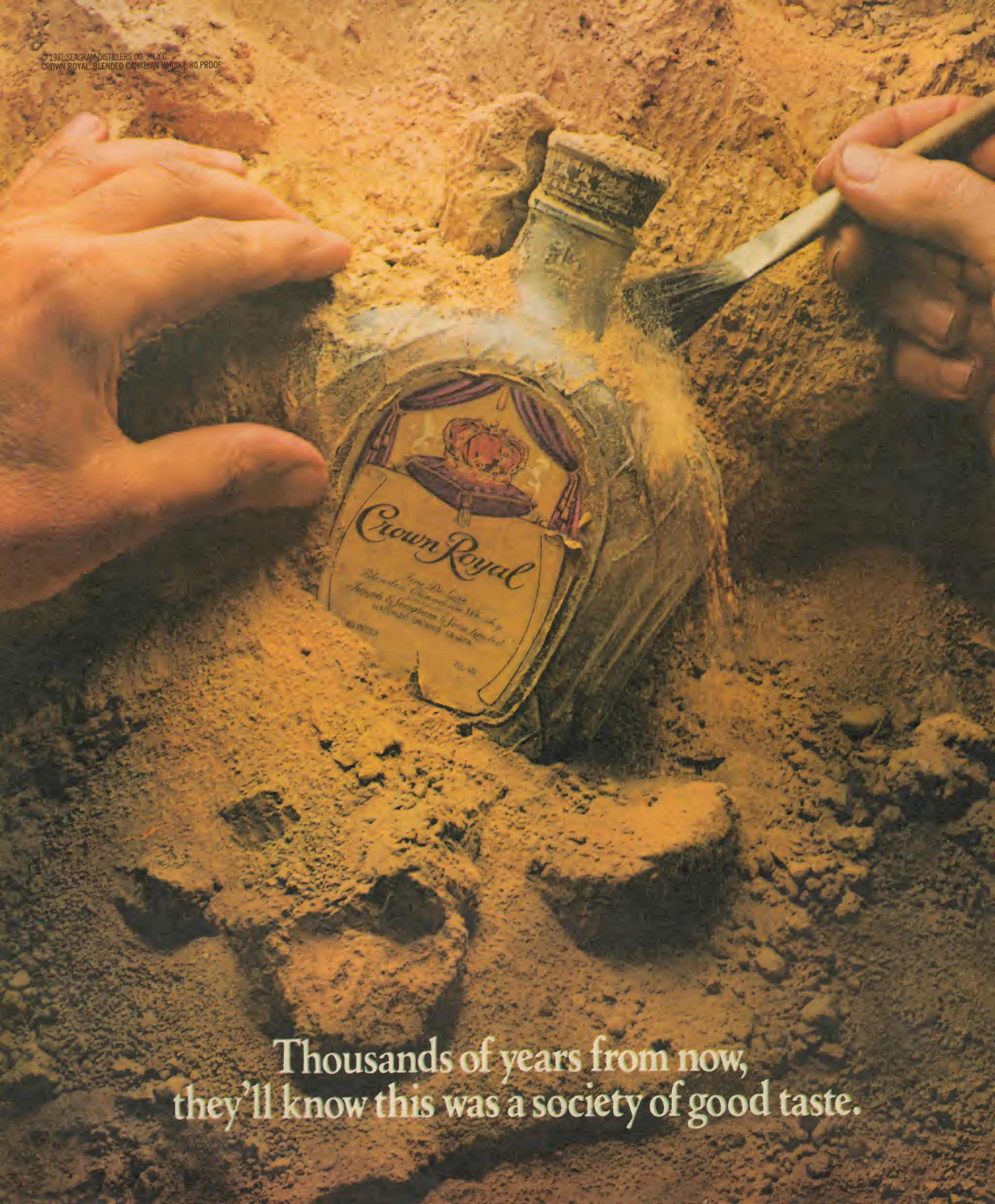


Aykroyd's film

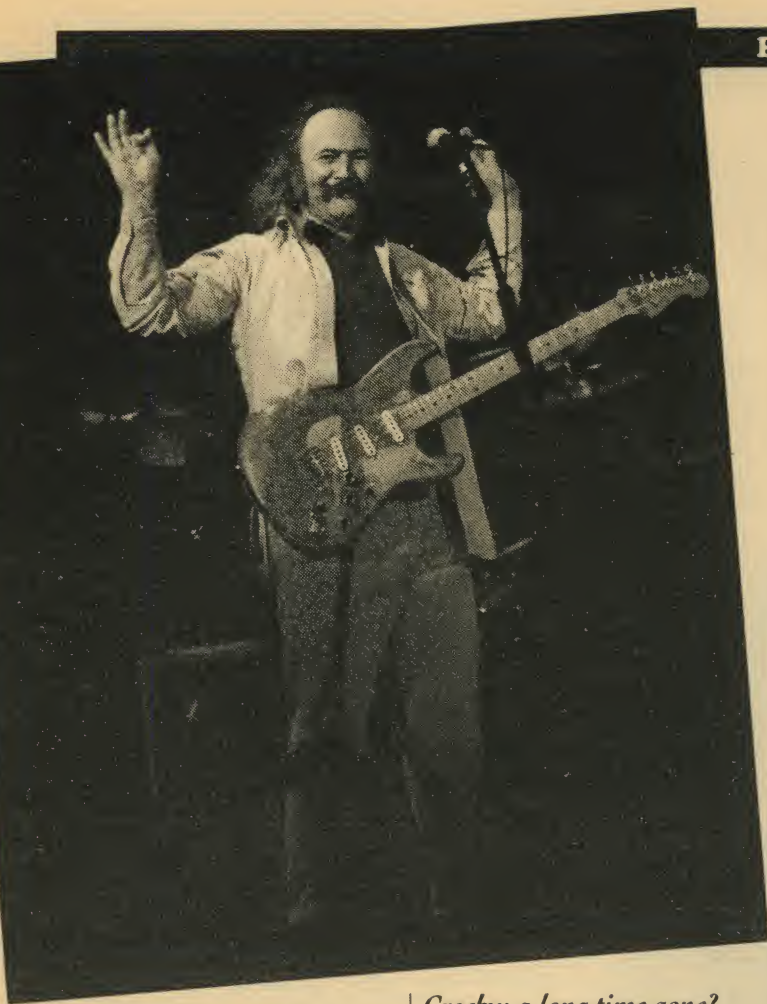
Howard Hesseman, who will appear in the forthcoming *Dr. Detroit*, says he doesn't feel any pressure about being the first actor to costar in a film opposite Dan Aykroyd since the death of John Belushi. "If that's the standard people are going to use, then there's nothing I can do. Being afraid of what they might decide is useless conjecture on my part. But it would be nice to be favorably compared to John." Hesseman plays Smooth Walker, "the top white pimp in Chicago," who uses a naive college professor (Aykroyd) as a front for his operation.

On the Belushi beat, meanwhile, Bob Woodward is hard at work on an investigative piece for the *Washington Post* about the comic actor's life and death. Woodward, who went to the same high school as the late star, has had the cooperation of Belushi's family and access to information about finances. The probe was prompted, in part, by a request from Belushi's wife, Judith Jacklin and her lawyer-sister Pamela.

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David Crosby's legal blues

So what's new with David Crosby? Oh, the usual. Crosby's currently scheduled to go to trial in Dallas on November 5th on charges of cocaine possession and illegal possession of a firearm in a tavern. Both charges are felonies, and if convicted, Crosby could be staring at twenty years in the stir and a fine of up to \$10,000. Crosby's Texas

Crosby: a long time gone?

lawyer, Joe Ettinger, couldn't be contacted, but his California counsel, Peter Knecht, averred that the Lone Star State charges were "under control" and "no problem." That estimation drew an icy "no comment" from Dallas district attorney Knox Fitzpatrick. Crosby's now out on \$100,000 bail, pending appeal of another sentence. Also, a woman he allegedly assaulted in a Culver City incident has filed a \$750,000 lawsuit against Crosby, charging he severely injured her.

Squeeze calls an end to it

In an unexpected move, Squeeze has decided to break up. "The band as a horse has run its course," said the group in a puckish prepared statement, "and the jockeys are considering new mounts." The group also thanked "everyone for helping to prolong [our] adolescence." No other reason for the breakup was given, and band members declined to speak to reporters. One source

said the band's dissolution probably wouldn't affect the longstanding songwriting and performing partnership of Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford—which makes the band's breakup less than a momentous event, since the duo has always been seen as the heart and soul of the British outfit. Before going their separate ways, Squeeze plans to embark on a U.K. tour, to play *Saturday Night Live* on November 20th and to perform a final U.S. concert at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, along with a few Manhattan club dates.

Who'll play Morrison?

John Travolta says he's planning to go ahead with a fictionalized film biography of Jim Morrison, with Brian DePalma directing. "I wanted to play Jim because I thought he was the most interesting rock character we've had," Travolta says. "Not only is there a physical resemblance between the two of us, I also have that character in me." Travolta originally wanted to do the authorized Jim Morrison biopic, "but everyone had too many say-so's." Travolta is upbeat about DePalma's script. "I don't know if you could compare it to *The Rose*, but

there will have to be new music and everything. I'd imagine that it'll be in some kind of production before the end of next year." Doors hagiographer Danny Sugerman says director William Friedkin has expressed an interest in doing the "official" Morrison movie. Meanwhile, the clone acts continue. Set to open at Gazzari's nightclub on the Sunset Strip: *Morrison Live??*, a "rock saga" starring hunky David Brock as the Lizard King and Calista Carradine as his common-law wife, Pamela.

Brock with Carradine



ROCKIN'

Doobies' finale

The Doobie Brothers closed out their career last month with a grand-finale show in Berkeley, not far from where they got their start nearly a decade ago. Former lead vocalist Tom Johnston joined the group for a rousing version of "China Grove." Said Michael McDonald, "It was over a long time ago. We just wouldn't admit it." The show was videotaped for a cable airing next year.

Whither Blondie?

After a none-too-successful U.S. tour (a European swing was canceled), Blondie is on hiatus until December, when they hope to issue a new single. In the meantime, drummer Clem Burke, bassist Nigel Harrison and occasional guitarist Frank Infante have formed a zesty aggregation, the Chequered Past, which also features the estimable Steve Jones (formerly of the Sex Pistols) on guitar and Michael Des Barres on vocals. "You have to be infamous or seminoctorious to be a member," said Burke, after the band powered its way through versions of "Suspicious Minds" and the Go-Go's "Vacation" during a recent New York gig.

Costello on the Falklands

Elvis Costello has become the first major British artist to write a song about the Falkland Islands war. Entitled "Shipbuilding," the tune is a decidedly un-jingoistic narrative about how the war brought jobs to an economically depressed town, thus raising the standard of living during a time of horror and death. Cowritten by producer Clive Langer, the song has been recorded by former Soft Machine leader Robert Wyatt.

Meanwhile, Elvis' newest single in the U.K.—a cover of Smokey Robinson's "From Head to Toe"—is causing some controversy. A free copy of Costello's *Get Happy* LP is being given to purchasers of the 45

in some top record shops, a practice that sparked charges from the British Phonographic Industry that Costello's Anglo label, Warner Bros., was trying to artificially raise the chart position of the single with the giveaway.

On yet another front, as soon as Elvis completes his current tour of Britain, he'll go into the studio to produce the Bluebells. ("They're Scotsmen. They wear skirts," explained Jake Riviera, Costello's manager). And eventually, he'll begin work on his next album. Said Riviera: "We thought Elvis could just do the whole thing in his bedroom, with just a synthesizer, an acoustic and a harmonica. We'll call it *Wembley*."

LOOSE TALK

"We saved a lot on air conditioning at the White House this summer. We kept cool by huddling around David Stockman's heart."

—JAMES BAKER,
White House chief of staff

"They're no more upset by me than they are by [Lindberg-baby kidnapper] Bruno Richard Hauptmann. These young people weren't watching the Ervin committee hearings, they were watching *The Flintstones*."

—G. GORDON LIDDY, on the
lack of outrage on college
campuses at his speeches

'Eating Raoul': Paul Bartel's tasty stew

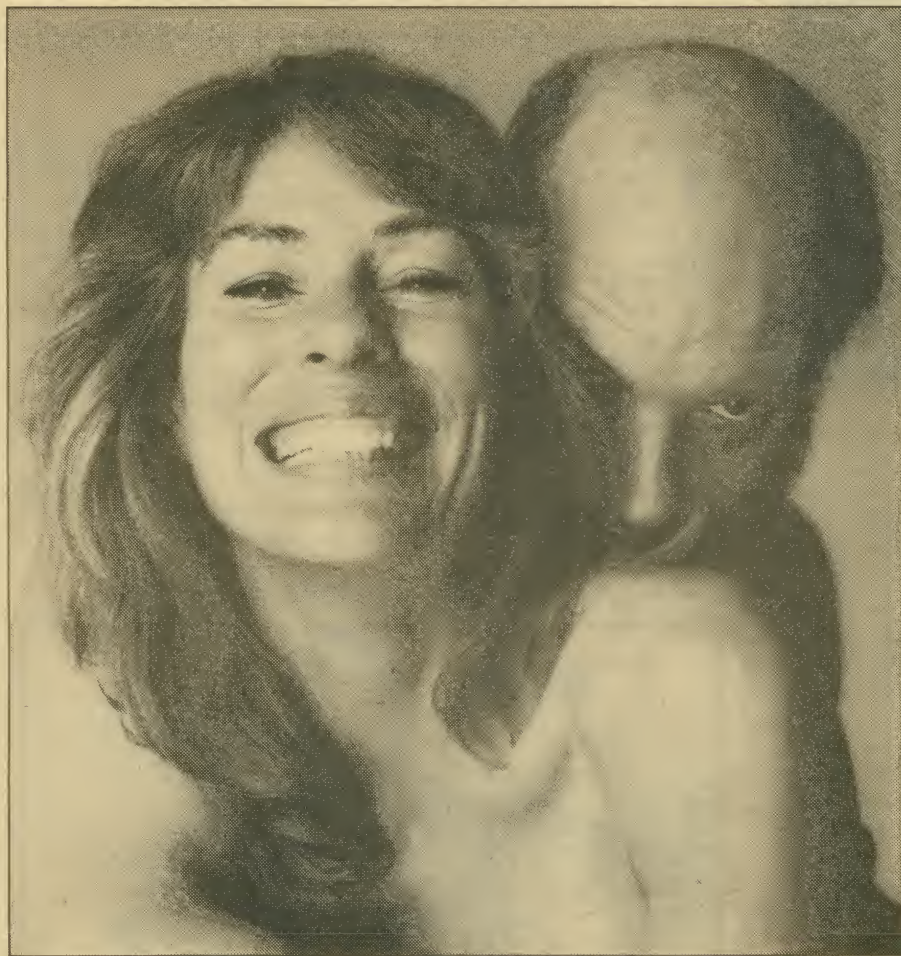
By Paul Scanlon

PAUL BARTEL IS THE costar, coauthor and director of a new comedy called *Eating Raoul*, which is currently being released around the country by 20th Century-Fox Classics and Quartet Films. Among other things, the picture deals with murder, weird sex and cannibalism. It is, believe it or not, very sweet and very funny. The cost: less than \$1 million.

Eating Raoul is the saga of Paul and Mary Bland (Bartel and Mary Woronov), a solidly middle-class Los Angeles couple who aspire to the better things in life and are finicky about sex. Paul is a wine merchant, Mary, a hospital dietitian. Two things stand between the Blands' dreams of upward mobility and a restaurant in the country ("Chez Bland"): they are victims of the financially pinched Eighties, and they feel victimized by the mere presence of the raucous, orgy-bent swingers who inhabit their apartment building.

When a drunken lecher from an orgy down the hall wanders into their apartment and tries to rape Mary, Paul dispatches him with a bop on the head from a cast-iron skillet. The ever-resourceful Blands go through the corpse's pockets and find hundreds of dollars. An idea is born.

The Blands take out an ad in a local sex tabloid that says, "We do anything." Mary is identified as both "Cruel Carla" and "Naughty Nancy." A variety of perverts descends on the Blands' apartment—by appointment, of course—to play out their fantasies, but Paul is always there with his trusty skillet before any of them can get to first base with Mary (well, almost always). The cash goes toward a down payment on Chez Bland; the bodies go in the building's trash



Mary Woronov and Paul Bartel, devotees of the Bland Life

compacter. The Blands have no problem justifying all the carnage. As Paul rationally explains to Mary, they're all "sex-crazed perverts nobody will miss anyway."

Enter Raoul (Robert Beltran), a Chicano con artist who learns of the Blands' scam and demands a cut of the take in return for certain services. He also develops a mad crush on Mary ("my *chiquita*"), and a triangle begins to form. The movie is not quite half over at this point. The plot keeps thickening.

ABOUT A YEAR AND a half ago, Bartel and writer Richard Blackburn concocted the plot for *Eating Raoul*

while sitting in Schwab's one day. Two months later, they had a screenplay. "The whole impetus of the project," says Bartel, "was as a vehicle for Mary and me. It was created in the spirit of fun, and we said, 'What the hell, why don't we try this?'"

The spirit of fun was soon put to the test. They shopped the script around, but there were no takers. *Raoul* was too offbeat; it didn't fit any formula. Bartel, an accomplished director (*Death Race 2000*, *Cannonball*, the much-acclaimed *The Secret Cinema*), decided to take the next step. Scrounging short ends of film and enlisting friends in the business, he managed

to get ten and then twenty minutes of film on successive weekends. This part, he explains, wasn't so difficult: "There are a tremendous number of people in Los Angeles who want to work in the movies, many more people than there is work. And this project was not *The Killer with the Knife*. It was interesting and offbeat."

Maybe it was interesting for the cast and crew, but when Bartel started to show the assembled

footage around, there were still no takers. "People said it's *interesting*, but...I mean, it seemed funny, but they couldn't figure out how to sell it. It wasn't another anything."

Still the production continued to lurch forward, a weekend at a time. Re-counting the financial hurdles, Bartel proves himself a master of understatement: "When you start doing something as complicated as producing a motion picture with no money," he says, "you can't do it without the support of a lot of people." In this case, that support came from friends, family and business associates—which

partially explains such credits as "guest electrician" and "a sister to the director." Directors Joe Dante and John Landis pitched in. Buck Henry saw the reels and agreed to play a lecherous banker. Then Bartel's parents, who had just sold the family home in New Jersey, offered to finance the rest of the project. Paul, whose savings were eaten up, agreed, and the picture was finally completed in two consecutive five-day shoots.

Bartel cites producer Anne Kimmel as being instrumental in keeping the project alive. But how does a producer produce with no money? "Anne did undertake to raise some money, but she wasn't

able to, and neither was I," he says. "She did all the line production functions: She made the deals with the crews. She bought raw film stock for the lowest possible price from underground dealers. She got the lab to develop and print for half its normal price. She saved us a fortune."

Sneak previews in Boston and Seattle were successful, and the film was also shown to appreciative audiences at Berkeley and UCLA. And when it appeared at FILMEX in Los Angeles last April, distributors finally began to take notice. It is, perhaps, fitting that another of Bartel's friends, critic-attorney Myron Meisel (who was also an extra in the film), helped negotiate the distribution contract.

Then there is the matter of the title *Eating Raoul*, which is, to put it mildly, odd. Once again, Bartel remains adamantly independent: "We decided on the title at our first story conference at Schwab's. Dick and I thought about the negative aspects of giving away the end of the movie, but what happens is that the audience sits there wondering how this title is going to pay off."

"Also, it's an ambiguous title. There's a possible sexual reference and a possible cannibalistic reference. For a picture with no recognizable stars, we needed something provocative and outrageous." Yet that title almost cost him the actor who plays the title role. The film had been shooting for several weekends and still they had no Raoul. A casting director recommended Robert Beltran. "I called him and said I was doing a picture called *Eating Raoul*," Bartel says, "and he almost hung up. He thought it was porno."

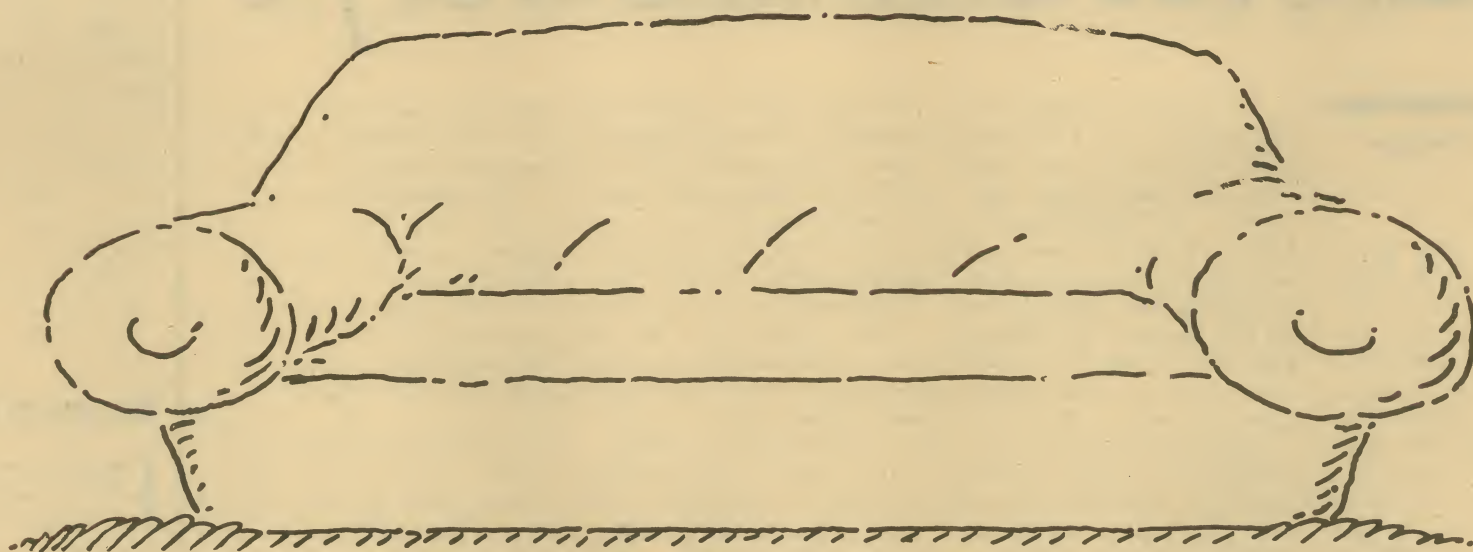
Of course, Paul and Mary Bland would never consent to appear in anything resembling porn, and Paul Bartel and longtime friend and costar Mary Woronov are staunch supporters of what Mary calls "the Bland Life."

Says Paul: "The Blands are *totally* American in every way—in their niceness, in their blind spots, in the way they are able to euphemize away the violence and, of course, in their rage and suppressed anger. The murders are shown from their point of view: sanitized, cartoonlike violence, like Tom and Jerry."

"All their frustrations are very American, too," adds Mary. "They put up with it until they're incapable of dealing with [Cont. on 41]

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'My Favorite Year': O'Toole teaches the elements of style

By Michael Sragow

WHEN A young writer named Dennis Palumbo approached producer Michael Gruskoff with a story about Doc Holliday's coming to Manhattan to publish a novel and having his ghostwriter squire him around town, Gruskoff had a stroke of inspiration. He said he wasn't that interested in Doc Holliday or in New York publishing around the turn of the century, but

he *was* interested in Errol Flynn and such early live TV comedy series as Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*. At the time, Gruskoff didn't know that in the mid-Fifties, when Flynn was past his prime and paunchy, he'd guest-starred on *The Martha Raye Show* and had a fine old time playing baby to Martha Raye's baby-sitting. All Gruskoff knew was that the combination of Flynn and Caesar set off sparks in his imagination. Gruskoff set up a meeting with Palumbo and Mel Brooks, for whom he'd produced *Young Frankenstein*. And Brooks, with his knowledge of the milieu—after all, he'd started out writing for

Your Show of Shows—agreed to be Gruskoff's partner and suggested Norman Steinberg (who'd cowritten Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*) to do the script. They put actor-turned-director Richard Benjamin at the helm, assembled a cast led by Peter O'Toole as the Errol Flynn character and Joe Bologna as the Sid Caesar character, and the result, as they say, is "showbiz history"—or, at least, *My Favorite Year*, an immensely enjoyable and human comedy.

If I've spent a long paragraph describing the gestation of the movie, it's because *My Favorite Year* is a film that rises—and sometimes soars—on the beauty of its central

idea and on the loving, intelligent way it's been fleshed out. In their own comic, unpretentious manner, the moviemakers have managed to hit on a great divide in popular culture—not merely the moment when TV took over from the movies as the vast purveyor of American dreams, but when the dreams themselves began to change as a result. Both Peter O'Toole's Alan Swann and Joe Bologna's King Kaiser are larger than life. But Alan Swann, the idol of the silver screen's golden age, floats above life in all his formidable grace and charm; a penthouse or a limo is his natural habitat. King [Cont. on 41]



'MY FAVORITE YEAR' • Director: Richard Benjamin; director of photography: Gerald Hirschfeld; film editor: Richard Chew; screenplay: Norman Steinberg, Dennis Palumbo; music: Ralph Burns; producer: Michael Gruskoff; a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release; starring: Jessica Harper, Mark Linn-Baker, Peter O'Toole

'Fitzcarraldo'

WERNER HERZOG is a documentarian of the unreal—he combines a fascination for extreme human behavior with a preference for the most weirdly antidramatic moviemaking. The results are such nerve-racking hybrids as his latest gothic-realist extravaganza, *Fitzcarraldo*. We're supposed to identify with the desire of his title hero (played by Klaus Kinski), a half-mad Irish entrepreneur in Peru, to bring grand opera to the town of Iquitos. His money-raising scheme involves hauling a steamship up and down a steep hill from one river to another. Fitzcarraldo almost moves a mountain with the power of his dream, until it conflicts with the dreams of the native population. My reaction is strictly, "So what?"

'Burden of Dreams'

PERHAPS BECAUSE it's a nonjudgmental documentary about a cryptic documentarian, Les Blank's movie about the making of *Fitzcarraldo* is dumbfoundingly precious. Though all the evidence suggests that the years spent making this film could have been cut down to months with proper planning, Blank shies away from making a case and instead allows Herzog himself to rattle on about the evils of his beloved-hated jungle and, yes, the burden of his dreams. For all the pictorial beauty of the scenery, Klaus Kinski—his face like twin continents put out of kilter by the global drift, his nose the ragged edge of the fault—is actually the most arresting natural force in both films. Which isn't saying much.

'First Blood'

AN AMBITIOUS, bloody, talented but pulpy mess. Ted Kotcheff's shot at the Vietnam-vet-on-the-rampage movie lacks the precision that would raise it above pretentious action melodrama, and it is overly reminiscent of too many other movies, especially *Southern Comfort*. It's been strikingly photographed in lush, green British Columbia by *Southern Comfort*'s own Andrew Laszlo, and Sylvester Stallone is at times even touching in the King Kong role of the enraged vet.

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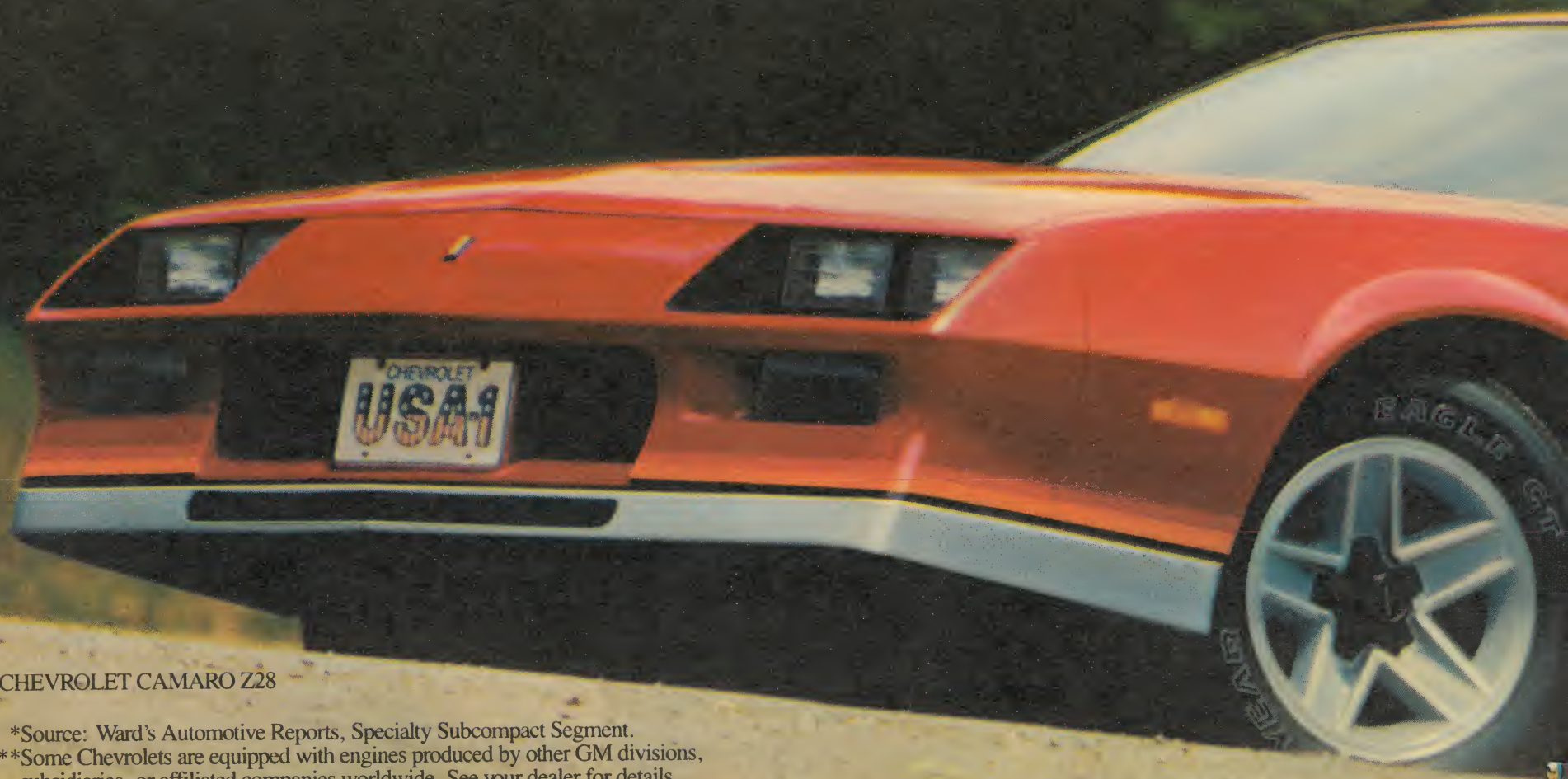
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'Raoul'

[Cont. from 34] it and the only thing left is murder."

The Blands suffer some typically American degradations at the beginning of the story — loss of job, loss of bank credit, a \$175-a-month rent increase. "These were put in the plot to create sympathy for Paul and Mary as victims, to let the audience feel that they are justified in fighting back," Bartel explains. "It's the same basic manipulation used in *Death Wish*: two or three reels of victimization, then six reels of revenge."

Given all the actual frustrations of shooting *Raoul*, you'd think Bartel would be plotting something simpler — or perhaps more bankable—for his next project. But listen to the synopsis of *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*: "I'm writing it with a fellow named David Columbia. It's intended as a vehicle for Mary, Robert [Beltran] and two other actors who are yet to be selected. It's about two wealthy women, a widow and a divorcee, who live next door to each other in Beverly Hills. The widow has a chauffeur, the divorcee has a Japanese gardener. The film is about social mobility ['Upward and downward,' Mary interjects], economic and sexual manipulation, democracy, fashion and, above all, coming to terms with life and making the best of your possibilities."

In the meantime, there is still the question of whether *Eating Raoul* will find its audience. Despite the fact that it's a far cry from, say, a John Waters picture, it has already been characterized as a midnight movie. "I don't think that's all it will be," says Mary. "Anyway, I've been in enough of those."

"I hope it won't be shown at midnight," says Paul, "unless they add midnight screenings to their regular schedules during the initial engagement. I would like to see it somewhere between *Arthur* and *Airplane*."

"I'd like to see it get as far as Rock Hudson and Doris Day," says Mary. "That's where the Blands belong."

The talk turns to another archetypal American couple, Ralph and Alice Kramden. Do the Blands bear more than a passing resemblance to them?

"*The Honeymooners*, yes," says Paul. "And *The Honeymoon Killers*."

'Favorite Year'

[Cont. from 36] Kaiser, on the other hand, is a born brawler, with a brashness that fits both the medium of television and the generation that came of age during World War II.

When Swann guest-stars on *King Kaiser's Comedy Cavalcade*, there's a riotous clash between their personal styles — or, rather, between Swann's style and Kaiser's total lack of it. Swann, for all his drunken swashbuckling, is as wispy and magical as a moonbeam, and as hard to pin down. "With Swann, you forgive a lot," says his chauffeur, Alfie, leaving unsaid, "just to have the pleasure of his company." But Kaiser is a coarse salt of the earth who's always buying forgiveness from his associates—with any presents that come to hand—for his petulance and browbeating.

Benjy Stone (formerly Steinberg), the young comedy writer assigned to oversee the movie star, is caught between these two great figures. By birth and heritage, Stone is linked to Kaiser and is just as insanely pushy—if Kaiser tries to woo his writers and office mates with steaks and tires, Stone tries to woo K.C., the *shiksa* apple of his eye, with a glass ring and the offer of a car. The glory of the movie is that Swann's specialness gets through to everybody around him, especially Benjy. He proves to them that the sincere pursuit of manly elegance can be a state of grace, while they prove to him that even the most noble knight must keep one foot in reality.

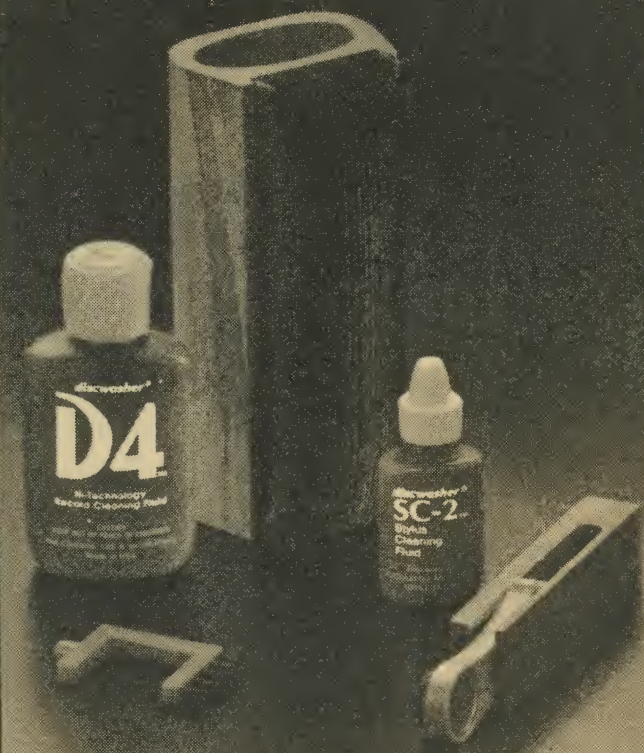
Director Richard Benjamin gets the most out of the script and the actors in almost every instance; it's refreshing to see a small-scale movie that's full to the brim with funny people. Watching Joe Bologna is like watching Mount St. Helens in time-lapse photography—you don't have to wait long for an eruption, and all the gas and smoke and debris come from deep within. His scenes with the comedy writers suggest what *The Dick Van Dyke Show* could've been if it had been allowed to get lowdown and vulgar. As Sy, the head writer, Bill Macy gives a ferociously funny caricature of a new kind of sycophant, a yes-and-no man who can cave in on an issue with split-second timing. Basil Hoffman wears a ticklish hang-wolf expression as Sy's biggest butt, Herb,

while Annie De Salvo warms the screen with wide-eyed amusement as their happy medium, Alice. Nearly everyone associated with the TV show moves through the film with a robust comic vibrancy, from Selma Diamond's tough, old wardrobe mistress, Lil — you can hear the New York subway system in her voice — to writer-lyricist Adolph Green's producer, Leo, whose face seems frozen in hysteria, like the Joker in the *Batman* series. Even Jessica Harper is funny as K.C., the one unfunny person on the show's staff; when she tries to tell a joke, she holds out her limp hands as if literally begging for a laugh.

The one character who doesn't work is Benjy Stone, and the fault lies as much in the concept and direction as in Mark Linn-Baker's performance. The filmmakers don't go all the way with the character, so that most of the time he isn't delightfully outrageous, just obnoxious. At times, he even seems restrained. Still, when we see him take Swann to a family dinner in Brooklyn, smothered by his mother's overpowering warmth — Lainie Kazan plays her with an ebullience that would give Freud nightmares — Benjy's jokey diffidence makes sense.

And Peter O'Toole is more than good — he's great. He's never been more effortlessly incandescent than he is as Alan Swann. Without showing any sweat at all, he does something that would be impossible for most performers — he plays Swann as a man who's almost always living either in a stupor or a dream. When we first see him in the flesh, waking up from a fling in a foreign apartment, his astoundingly extended wheeze suggests that he's just beamed himself in from the the vapors. In the midst of deep drunkenness, he's able to express an enormous ironic awareness of his own alcoholism. And in those moments when he's stone sober, his artless tenderness cuts right through to an audience's collective heart. As with the movie stars of Swann's generation, a special glow has fallen on O'Toole — the style and the man seem inseparable. Who today but O'Toole could pull off the scene where Swann brings nightclub patrons to their feet simply by dancing with an elderly fan? With his dash and timing, O'Toole is able to turn a toilet joke into something fit for a throne. In *My Favorite Year*, he becomes a once and future king of comedy.

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Steve Winwood: a rock survivor is back on top

By David Fricke

NEW YORK CITY

STEVE WINWOOD would clearly rather be anywhere else at the moment. As the spotlights ring MTV's mid-Manhattan taping studio cast their brutal glare on the British singer/songwriter and multi-instrumentalist, he stares nervously at interviewer J.J. Jackson, then at the rock posters and memorabilia crowding the studio wall just over Jackson's shoulder. When it comes

time for him to tape a few MTV promo spots, he tries to stare down the camera with a forced smile.

But in one of his rare American television appearances, Winwood answers his interviewer's questions with gentlemanly grace, if not ease. He even submits to more than a dozen takes to get the promos right, nervously laughing at himself when he flubs his lines, and he is not above a little idle chitchat with the crew and onlookers when the shooting is completed. After nearly twenty years in the music business, enduring its petty annoyances and fighting its fatal pressures without betraying his muse,

Steve Winwood simply can't help being what his current lyricist Will Jennings calls "just a good guy with very nice manners."

"The fact that someone in rock & roll should turn out badly adjusted — it should not be a foregone conclusion," complains Winwood with mild irritation back at Island Records' nearby offices. On the desk next to him stands a glass figure in the shape of the numeral one. *Billboard* magazine awarded it to Winwood last year, naming him top male vocalist for his hit album *Arc of a Diver* and Top Ten single

"While You See a Chance."

"Who's to say if you suffer for your art you're going to do it any better?" he continues. "Just the reverse is usually the case."

Winwood speaks from experience. A mere teenager when he first went pro with the Spencer Davis Group in 1963, he hit the road with his parents' blessing — and his older bass-playing brother, Muff, to look out for him. Before turning twenty-one, he was already leading the seminal British progressive band Traffic and wrestling with the supergroup hype that surrounded Blind Faith. But the death of his friend Jimi Hendrix, and Blind Faith bandmate Eric Clapton's bout with heroin in the early Seventies, contrasted starkly with Winwood's accelerating success as he guided Traffic to triumphs like 1970's *John Barleycorn Must Die* and 1972's *The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys* and ventured into fringe [Cont. on 52]

Winwood: He's 'just a good guy with very nice manners.'



Yoko leaves Geffen; new album due

IN ONE OF THE MOST shocking label switches in recent years, Yoko Ono has left Geffen Records and signed what is described as a "major, long-term" contract with PolyGram, which will issue her records on the Polydor label. Ono's first LP for the company will be titled *It's All Right*, a collection of songs produced by Ono and recorded this summer with a group of studio veterans at the Hit Factory in New York. A single will be issued prior to the LP's release later this fall.

"The people I met in the company seem to project a very nice vibe," said Ono of her new label. "I feel comfortable, and I'm sure that that's going to help me produce a lot of good work."

Ono's move surprised many because of her close relationship with David Geffen, who originally signed Ono and husband John Lennon to a recording deal after their five-year hiatus and who escorted Ono from Roosevelt Hospital back to the Dakota after Lennon's assassination. Geffen could not be reached for comment.

The label change will not affect the release of the John Lennon greatest-hits compilation that is due from Geffen Records in November. The LP will consist of fifteen songs, including all of Lennon's compositions on *Double Fantasy*, plus "Give Peace a Chance," "Instant Karma," "Power to the People," "Whatever Gets You through the Night," "#9 Dream," "Mind Games," "Love," "Imagine" and "Jealous Guy."

"This is an album of love and dreams," Ono said of her forthcoming LP. "I'm hoping that through dreaming together, we will create a beautiful reality for the future. Much of the world is living in fear, many people don't know their direction, and music is so important. I believe in the healing power of music and hope that this album will make people feel better." —CHRISTOPHER CONNELLY

Schlitz sponsors the Who's U.S. tour

Trying to give an old product a new image

THE ROCK & ROLL industry may not be going through its strongest period, but big business is just beginning to discover rock's potential as a marketing tool. Last year, Jovan reportedly paid more than \$1 million to put its name on tickets and posters for the Rolling Stones' tour, and this summer, Schlitz Light beer paid a reported \$500,000 to underwrite Fleetwood Mac's concert tour. In addition, Miller High Life has been using Jimmy Buffett and Gary U.S. Bonds as commercial spokesmen. But those efforts pale next to the deal that's been made between the Who and the Stroh Brewery Company, which owns

Schlitz. The Who put themselves on the market by first announcing their tour in 'Advertising Age' and inviting corporate sponsorship; Stroh jumped at the offer, and the slogan 'Schlitz Rocks America' now adorns all advertising for the Who's shows. But the connection goes further than that: Schlitz commercials featuring the band will soon appear, while posters, print ads and a nationwide sweepstakes will also ballyhoo the relationship. For both the band and the brewery, the advantages are obvious: the Who gets a lot of money (neither side would say how much, though both say it's a seven-figure deal and the largest of its kind), and Schlitz gets a

new image. At least that's how it's supposed to work, said Hunter Hastings, Stroh's vice-president of brand management.

Why did you decide to use a rock band to promote Schlitz?

When Stroh acquired Schlitz, it got a famous national brand, but it's well known that the brand has been going through hard times. Its image, especially among the younger end of the beer-drinking audience, was of a product that was just not relevant to them—Schlitz is the brand their fathers drank. We wanted to enhance the brand's image, to wake people up

to Schlitz, and we went to rock & roll because there's an obvious link between the young beer drinkers and rock.

So you decided to sponsor the Who tour....

Actually, we're doing a lot more than just sponsoring the tour. That's just the beginning of a multitiered marketing program based on the slogan "Schlitz Rocks America." We'll be using radio and television ads, sweepstakes prizes, posters—we'll be using all the tools we normally use, but they'll all emphasize the connection between Schlitz and the Who.

Was the group responsive to all your ideas?

They've been tremendously cooperative. Of course, they were the ones who initially let it be known that they were seeking corporate involvement, so we knew that they wanted something like this. But we were surprised by their willingness to do anything we wanted.

I understand that included filming ads for Schlitz.

Well, we didn't want this to seem like commercial exploitation—it's not, to use an old album title, *The Who Sell Out*. The footage we'll be using in the ads was filmed at a rehearsal, backstage and at their first concert. We're trying to associate the band with the brand in an unforced, natural setting without getting into crass commercialism. You won't see Pete Townshend singing the Schlitz jingle.

—STEVE POND

Jamaican festival attracts top acts

Diverse bill includes Clash, Dead

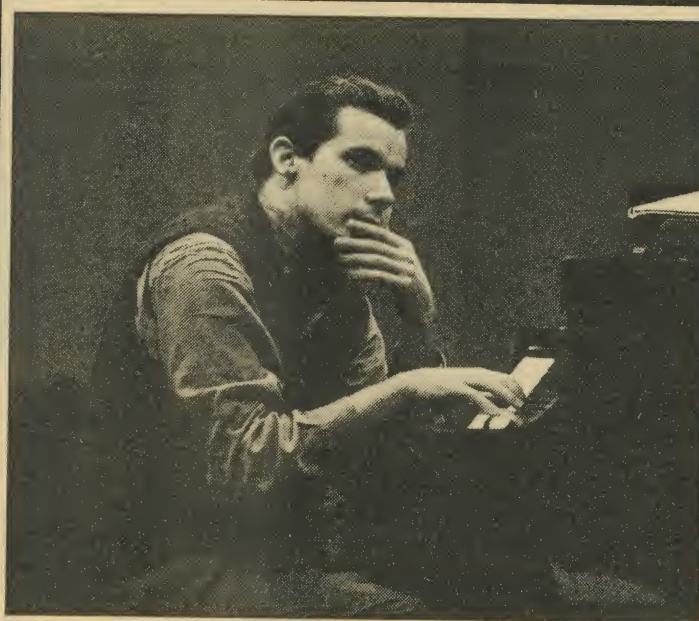
TWENTY TOP MUSIC acts will appear at the first Jamaica World Music Festival, scheduled for this Thanksgiving weekend in Montego Bay. The Clash, the Beach Boys, the Grateful Dead, the B-52's, Jimmy Buffett, the English Beat and Squeeze will be shuffled into the concert bill with reggae artists Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh, Yellowman, Toots and the Maytals, Rita Marley and Black Uhuru; country singers Skeeter Davis and Ronnie Milsap; and R&B performers Aretha Franklin, Gladys Knight, Stacy Lattisaw and Rick James.

In an unusual sandwiching of styles, the Clash will perform between sets by Jimmy Buffett and Rick James at the close of the last show; Aretha Franklin will be preceded by Squeeze (in their final performance—see Random Notes, page 33) and followed by the Beach Boys. Tickets will cost a hundred dollars for the three nights of concerts, which will begin each evening at eight p.m. and con-

tinue into the early morning.

The festival will be the first event at the Bob Marley Memorial Performing Centre, a new outdoor facility that should be completed just weeks before the first day of performances, November 25th. The Jamaican government is reading two five-acre areas adjacent to the eight-acre concert site for the campers among the expected 10,000 festivalgoers from the U.S. and 15,000 from Jamaica and other countries. And Barry Fey, a Denver-based promoter who is organizing the event, is preparing to ship a 175,000-pound stage, 10,000 watts' worth of sound equipment and a stage "roof" that holds 4000 pounds of lights.

"I think the cross-pollination that's bound to happen can't be anything but intensely creative," said the Dead's Bob Weir, whose band Bobby and the Midnighters will be included on the diverse bill. A typically terse Jimmy Cliff commented, "Variety is good. Music is not limited." —DEBBY MILLER



Glenn Gould: 1932-1982

GLENN GOULD, ONE of the most brilliant pianists of the twentieth century—and one of the music world's most eccentric personalities—died in early October after suffering a severe stroke. He had just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. Born in Toronto in 1932, Gould first gained recognition in the mid-Fifties with a unique interpretation of Bach's *Goldberg*

Variations; the LP went on to become a historic piece of work. A successful concert career followed, but in 1964, Gould withdrew from the stage. "The concert is dead," he proclaimed, arguing that the whole aura of performing interfered with the music. He never again played in public.

For Gould, recordings were the future. Indeed, he was one of

the first classical musicians to view recordings as an art form, rather than as an attempt to recreate the sounds heard in a concert hall. His studio work became a process of editing different takes of a piece of music into one distinct whole. It was, at the time, a revolutionary approach to music-making, and it earned Gould much criticism from the classical-music world.

But he had always gone his own way. He made pilgrimages to the desolate regions of upper Canada. He wore an overcoat, gloves and scarf in summer and soaked his hands in hot water before playing. At recitals, he hummed and sang along with the piano while making his way through a piece.

Gould left a legacy of almost eighty recordings. His fascination with the Arctic became the basis for a series of radio documentaries for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He also created several productions for Canadian television, composed and arranged the score to *Slaughterhouse Five* and had just completed scoring *The Wars*. In addition, a video recording of Gould's recent reinterpretation of the *Goldberg Variations* has been shown on European television, and a new digital recording of that work was just released by CBS. In recent months, Gould began to conduct a small chamber orchestra in Toronto—with no audience present. —ALAN WEITZ

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T-Bone Burnett's moral messages

By Mikal Gilmore

LOS ANGELES

I DON'T THINK THERE are many people out there saying what I'm saying — which is, basically, that there are ways out of all the social madness and personal delusion around us."

On a sultry summer evening, T-Bone Burnett, a soft-spoken

"I think rock & roll is the most potent medium we have today," he says. "The trouble is, it's been inundated by too many one-dimensional, self-serving messages, all those pronouncements of repackaged nihilism and Epicureanism that say, 'Eat, drink and kill yourself — there's no hope.' Or, on the other side, those people who say, 'Well, yeah, the world's an awful place, but I'm saved, so everything's great.' Those people are all blowing a big chance. Rock & roll touches people

record that has the feel of the early Sun rockabilly sessions, delineates the painful deceptions and deadly distractions that can cut people off from their hopes but also serves up enough heartening rock & roll to transcend the disillusionment. *Trap Door* is considerably brighter on the surface. It has the texture and force of the Beatles' best pop, plus the dreamy, Southwestern spirit of Bob Dylan's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* sessions. Yet beneath all that, Burnett takes an unsentimental

look at the indispensability and frailty of romantic love: how it's the most priceless dream of all, but also the deadliest risk.

Equally important is Burnett's Christian sensibility, which seems to derive as much inspiration from pop culture and existential literature as from scriptural sources. In fact, Burnett's best religious statements are refreshingly free of religious imagery. "Poetry," his loveliest song on *Trap Door*, might be seen as a profound avowal of devotion to ei-

music. A bricklayer's job is to build a good wall that will stand against the rain and wind, and writing JESUS on it isn't going to help it withstand the storms."

Interestingly, T-Bone ("I've had the name since I was five; I wish I did know how I got it") first turned to rock & roll during a period of youthful revolt when he decided to leave the Episcopal church in Fort Worth, Texas, where he had served as an altar boy. Initially, his mutiny carried him as far as the other side of town, to Rosedale Street in Fort Worth (the street Robert Johnson wrote about in "Crossroads"). It was there that he first heard the music of Jimmy Reed and Howlin' Wolf, as well as that of Tex-Mex musicians, R&B singers, rockabilly guitarists and other regulars of the South's "chitlin circuit." By the early Seventies, Burnett was already making a claim of his own on that music: he ran a blues recording studio in Fort Worth for a few years, then produced the debut efforts of the Legendary Stardust Cowboy and of Delbert McClinton and Glen Clark, and authored an LP of his own: *J. Henry Burnett: the B-52 Band & the Fabulous Skylarks*.

In 1975, Burnett joined singer-artist-scenemaker Bob Neuwirth in New York, and the two started working together around the Greenwich Village club circuit. A little while later, when Bob Dylan returned to the Village in search of a new band, Neuwirth and Burnett signed on, and the band shortly mushroomed into the Rolling Thunder Revue.

When Rolling Thunder disbanded after the tour, Burnett and some fellow Revue members—guitarist David Mansfield and guitarist-singer Steven Soles—founded the Alpha Band, a loosely defined musical collective that made lovely, idiosyncratic, acoustic-flavored rock & roll. It was during this period that Burnett and several other former Revue members made their return, or conversion, to Christianity — including, eventually, Dylan himself. The Alpha Band disintegrated in 1978, but Burnett enlisted their help on his *Truth Decay* album.

"After that record," says Burnett, "there wasn't much to do except go back home, write some new

stuff and wait for another time." He also worked on a book, *Universal City*, a satire on the mechanization of society. "To be honest, I also wasn't ready to go out and play. I came to realize that I would have to participate more in my own life, and, as a result, I think I'm beginning to be a performer now."

At best, that's a severe understatement. Burnett has become something of a *cause célèbre* in Los Angeles in recent months, captivating audiences and critics alike with a protean, crackshot band that has performed some of the most exciting and exploratory rock & roll shows that this city has seen since its much-vaunted punk explosion. And, at present, Burnett

Burnett's best religious statements are refreshingly free of religious imagery.

and his band—bassist David Miner, drummer David Kemper, percussionist Dennis Keeley and guitarist Mick Ronson, a new addition—are opening for the Who on several western dates at the behest of Pete Townshend, an ardent admirer of Burnett's.

"In some ways," says Burnett, "I think the live shows are the purest accomplishment I could imagine for my music. Not only do they force me to be more open and use every bit of my soul, nerve and intelligence, but they're also a real way of reaching out to people. I think the number-one problem on earth is separation: we're separated from God, from one another, even from ourselves, and that leads to isolation and despair.

"In a medium as powerful as rock & roll, you can help bridge those gulfs in immediate and personal ways. And if you're doing that, if you're trying to communicate something that's true and real in a clear manner with good intent, then I think that in an inspired way, you're doing God's work, no matter what your particular beliefs may be. I think that's what the best rock & roll does, whether it's Bob Dylan and Richard Thompson or X and the Clash. It helps us overcome that separation, and sometimes that's a saving force in itself." □



An L.A. favorite, Burnett will open for the Who at several shows

Texas-raised songwriter, sits inside a West Hollywood hideaway bar, sipping Coca-Cola and musing over the risks and rewards of making moral art in the balled-up context of current-day rock & roll. It's a matter of residing concern to the thirty-four-year-old Burnett, who, ever since his tenure a few years back in the Alpha Band—an offshoot of Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue—has been trying to make music that reflects his love for rock as much as his concern over present-day Christian ethics.

deeply, and therefore the question it raises is, What are you going to do with that responsibility, that opportunity to touch people deeply?"

One thing you might do is make records like Burnett's critically acclaimed *Truth Decay* (1980), or his new Warner Bros. EP, *Trap Door*—vibrant, mellifluous rock & roll that tries to make sense of the way hard-fought dreams can turn into despair, and then tries to find a way back to idealism through tough-minded acts of faith. *Truth Decay*, a

ther a lover or to God: "I've been so long searching for you/Through ice and sleet and snow/Now I've finally found you, I will never let you go.../I love you more than dreams and poetry..."

So, does Burnett see any contradictions between living a life for God and making music as secular—even as profane—as rock & roll?

Burnett smiles in a considered way as he ponders the question. "I don't believe that music should exist just as a vehicle for propaganda—that idea of setting a sermon to

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The Stray Cats' rockabilly revival

U.S. tour draws frenzied reception



Stray Cats (from left): Phantom, Setzer, Rocker

By Andrew Slater

A T L A N T A

THE CASHIER AT the Varsity counts out some change, looks up, then catches a glimpse of my three dinner-hour breakfast companions. Startled, her eyeballs dancing, she drawls, "Where are *those* boys from?" "Well, ma'am," I explain, "looks like they're from 1957."

With their sleeveless bowling shirts and iridescent arm-length tattoos, the Stray Cats—guitarist Brian Setzer, bassist Lee Rocker and drummer Slim Jim Phantom—are indeed an awesome sight, even in this well-preserved Fifties-style burgertorium. This neogreaser trio has even gone so far as to exhume the symbolic soul of the original rockabilly rebel, skewing the pompadour to a waxy, undulating coif and injecting the hillbilly-rock hybrid with Anglicized spirit and a new intensity.

Tonight, the Stray Cats are two gigs shy of closing out a U.S. tour to support *Built for Speed*, their first stateside LP, and if the Varsity cashier thought *these* boys looked a bit odd, she should have been at the Moonshadow Saloon last night. There, like the scene at most of the

shows on this fifty-five-city tour, the band's loyalists were happily on parade, displaying retreaded "cat clothes" and Stray Cats logos etched on their arms.

"It's really incredible," says Slim Jim Phantom, 21, his almond-shaped eyes sizing up a Varsity Dwarfburger. "I see these kids in the audience, and every night someone's got a Stray Cats tattoo on his arm or our name embroidered on a skirt. They're hard-core. In Missouri, some chick came backstage and asked me to sign her tit! Yeah, Missouri, the Show Me state. But it feels like real fans we've got."

"I think most of these cats are tired of seeing the same old bands for so long," says top Cat Brian Setzer, 23. "They need a group they can relate to, not just a bunch of old guys with beards or bald heads and thousands of dollars' worth of equipment. They want somebody young, fun—a group like us that plays simple rock & roll."

The Stray Cats have been playing "simple rock & roll" since 1979, when Setzer hired his two buddies to add some spark to a Long Island bar gig. Already sporting a pompadour and several tattoos, the guitarist—a high-school dropout—had long been a student of the masters: Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl

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MUSIC

Perkins, Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent.

"When I was growing up," explains Setzer, "the bands that were big on Long Island were Yes, Genesis and Emerson, Lake and Palmer. I mean, they all had something good to say, but they didn't have anything to say to me personally. Eddie Cochran — 'She's sure fine lookin', she's something else' — that I could relate to, but not 'Long Distance Runaround.'"

"That's really how it started, as a rebellion to Yes and stacks of Marshalls and seeing a guy with a thousand-piece drum set that I couldn't afford or even know how to play," adds Phantom, a stand-up drummer who does just fine with half a kit. "We just wanted to do the complete opposite of everything that was going on."

Unfortunately, America was not ready for a two-and-a-half-piece rockabilly band. So, on the advice of a British-born Long Island bartender, the Stray Cats hocked their wares and went to England in June 1980. There, rockabilly was enjoying reverential treatment, and in the English countryside Teddy boys were still decked out for shows by Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers. And in London, as the ska craze faded, young pubsters embraced the rebellious spirit of rockabilly and its style.

"In England, people just couldn't understand why we'd come from America, the land of plenty, to depressed London to play rock & roll — especially without a record deal," says Setzer. "They couldn't believe we had the nerve. They said, 'Why'd you do it?' We said, 'Why the fuck not?'"

Despite an overabundance of rockabilly revivalists, the Stray Cats had an edge. Not only did Slim Jim Phantom ooze cool, Lee Rocker look tough and Brian Setzer have dynamic charisma, but they could play. A song like Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" did not just echo the Fifties, it had a real Who-ish intensity as well. The band reworked the Supremes' "You Can't Hurry Love" into a rockabilly stomp, trashing the purist ethic and gaining momentum at the same time.

Within three months, the band had a record deal with Arista and, by the end of the year, a Top Ten single, "Runaway Boys," produced by Dave Edmunds. Two more singles, "Rock This Town" and "Stray Cat Strut," also fared well, as did their debut LP, *Stray Cats*. By

the time the band finished recording its second record, *Gonna Ball*, it was filling halls in Europe and Asia. The group had also garnered the imprimatur of rock heavyweights like the Stones, Jeff Beck and Robert Plant.

"A lot of those guys grew up on Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent," explains Setzer. "I guess we're like the modern incarnation of those guys, and they wanted to see what we were like. The Stones came down to see us at the Venue, called us the next day and invited us to their office in London. Then Keith mentioned something about going down to his house to jam, and I said, 'I'd love it.'"

"He has this beautiful house with boxes of records all over, rockabilly blasting, guitars on the floor. He picked up a '58 Les Paul, gave me a smirk and, with a butt hanging out of his mouth, started playing 'Baby, Let's Play House.' We jammed all night."

The Stray Cats went on to open

Setzer: 'Kids need a group they can relate to, a group like us that plays simple rock & roll.'

four shows on the Rolling Stones' U.S. tour and then, after a tumultuous appearance on *Fridays*, were offered an American record deal. EMI released *Built for Speed* (culled from the two British LPs); radio imperviously looked the other way. But a video of "Stray Cat Strut" shown at rock clubs and on MTV (the cable station for rock videos) sparked a lot of viewer response and, for the most part, has been responsible for the frenzied reception on the Stray Cats' first U.S. tour.

And with a generous portion of young America working up a sweat in cat clothes, American radio has finally joined the party by playing "Rock This Town." Two years after it was written, Brian Setzer admits that he's getting a lot of mileage out of that song. It may be a sign he'll accomplish his real mission: "We'd like to do for rockabilly what British bands like the Stones did for blues in the Sixties. If we can do that, I'll be the happiest picker around."

Donald Fagen

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MUSIC

Winwood

[Cont. from 43] projects with the likes of Japanese avant-garde percussionist Stomu Yamash'ta and salsa's Fania All-Stars. He even persevered through Traffic's multiple breakups and dizzying personnel changes until finally calling it a day in 1974.

That Winwood, now thirty-four, has come through that glory grind with minimal scars is evident in the supple, good-natured funk and romantic electronic-keyboard glaze of his recent work. Recorded completely solo in the sixteen-track studio at his rural English manor outside London, *Arc of a Diver* and the new *Talking Back to the Night* are logical high-tech extensions of Winwood's original fusion of American R&B and European classical and folk traditions with Traffic.

"What I'm drawing on is really no different from what I was drawing on in the Traffic days: pop music, rock & roll, folk, R&B, country, classical and ethnic music. It's just that it's the way they're presented," explains Winwood, a model of normality in a blue casual shirt, brown trousers, gray socks and wine-colored penny loafers.

"It doesn't make a lot of sense to me being underground now," he adds, responding to critical charges that he is turning out identikit synth-pop fluff and whipped-cream disco. "The point for me is to reach people through what I'm doing, and to deliberately avoid a certain section of the public is self-defeating. I certainly don't say that if I make music that sounds like disco I might attract a whole different audience. But if I make music that people might dance to, that's fine with me. They used to dance in the Sixties and Seventies," he says, grinning, "but the dances were different."

The pogo was one dance that caught Winwood up short. Retreating after Traffic into the comfortable anonymity of sporadic session work, Winwood came back with his debut solo LP in the midst of the punk uprising in 1977 and found that no one cared. The album, simply titled *Steve Winwood*, was, in his own words, "wishy-washy," and so were its sales.

His current records, though they may lack the creative tension and restless searching of his band days, spring from a single-minded

determination to satisfy only his own stringent criteria for what constitutes a good pop record. That he makes them all by himself (assisted only by an engineer named Nobby and by his wife, Nicole, on occasional background harmonies) was, at least originally, a matter of economic necessity.

"I'd sunk all my money into this studio," he moans in recollection. "It just dragged on and on and cost nearly 3000 pounds more than the original budget. I was so deep into it that I had to get it done so I could use it in order to pay for it. Of course, after having the studio built, I couldn't afford really sophisticated equipment either. So, no musician or engineer worth his salt would have liked the place."

His only option: "If I could get the material right, I could make an album completely on my own in the studio. Which was a pretty foolhardy thing to think at the time."

His lengthy solitary spells—almost three years to build the studio and cut *Arc of a Diver*, another two years to crank out *Talking Back to the Night*—imply that Winwood is resting on aristocratic rock-star privilege, not to mention reinforcing his image as a recluse. But he insists it actually takes that long to turn out a record to his satisfaction. "God's truth, that's enough," he exclaims. "I don't piddle around."

Will Jennings, a Los Angeles-based songwriter, confirms this. With credits on records by the Crusaders, B.B. King, Barry Manilow and several Nashville heavyweights, Jennings was first brought in by Winwood to write lyrics for *Arc of a Diver*. "I was not that familiar with Steve or his work," Jennings confesses. "But I went to his place and he played me the tracks for *Arc of a Diver*. I just sat in the studio with him and did the lyrics to four of them in about a week and a half."

Jennings also notes Winwood's occasional difficulty in reconciling his nice manners with his artistic discipline. "There was one poem I wrote for the new album, a lyric called 'Where Is Robin,' very English with all this Robin Hood imagery. Steve thought about it and thought about it, and later, when I got back to the States, he finally called me and said, 'Chris [Blackwell, the head of Island Records] and I have been talking about it, and we just think 'Where Is Robin' isn't...well, would you mind trying another lyric?'"

Winwood admits that strong-

arming is not his style, even partially blaming Traffic's failure to break into the million-seller league on his own inability to assert himself as leader. He still rues the day when, on one of Traffic's last tours, conga player Reebop demanded to sing a song during the show and, in spite of his dreadful voice, Winwood let him.

"It wasn't a matter of letting him," Winwood protests with a laugh. "It was a matter of not stopping him. I couldn't wind the song up, so I stopped playing and walked off, and he just carried on. I was under the impression that this was a natural course, that it was just something to be coped with."

"Actually, not very long ago, maybe a year or two, I finally realized that you can be in control of your own destiny. You don't have to rely on the way things go. You can be in control."

But it still irritates Winwood that misinterpretation of his quiet ways and countryside seclusion continues to fuel rumors of drug addiction and a hermit's life. He emphatically denies having indulged in anything but "a bit of smoke and the odd tab of acid" during the early Traffic days. "That was part of the game in the Sixties. But then I saw what drugs were doing to people, and in most cases, I had to suffer the consequences of their substandard work."

"Certainly one thing that did lead to the reclusive tag was my not being seen at the rock & roll clubs and not being in the social fray," Winwood continues. "I just don't fit into the predominant image of rock & roll. I never quite understood or had the attitude that certain other bands had. We were never really involved with the smashing up of hotel rooms, the rowdy parties, like the other bands of the period."

Indeed, Winwood is just as conservative in his approach to making music. "More and more," he says, "I see that rock & roll doesn't just need a youthful energy and spirit to it. It also needs a craft, an experience to get it across."

It may well be that he is still on the charts because of that maturity, not in spite of it. Remember, this is a former Boy Scout whose first professional band, the Spencer Davis Group, was led by a university lecturer.

"Maybe that's it," he says with a smile, trying to explain his sunny temper. "It was all so bizarre to start with."

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Linda Ronstadt's spunky slap in the ears

Get Closer
Linda Ronstadt
Asylum
★★★★

By Ken Tucker

LINDA RONSTADT'S voice has never sounded better than it does on *Get Closer*. It's an uneven album, to be sure, but its spirit is unassailable. Ronstadt's ringing soprano vibrates with clarity and authority on the record's best songs, and sometimes she uses her voice like a daring rock & roller: she yells until it hurts your ears. Her tone has lost its mewling self-pity, and her phrasing is both sensible and sly.

Ronstadt spent time last year testing her vocal cords against a zippy production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance*, and it proved to be an ideal role for her. As Mabel, Ronstadt was allowed to act innocent and dreamy, yet strong-willed and passionate. The part seems to have filled her with confidence and energy, and although *Get Closer* glistens with the rippling musculature of her now formally exercised voice, her new strength hasn't made her self-conscious. Just the opposite, in fact: Linda Ronstadt is no longer a prisoner of technique.

"Want love? Get closer," snaps Ronstadt in the opening words of



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RECORDS

the title song, which kicks off the album. "Get Closer" has a crabby verve that's new in Ronstadt's repertoire. Here and elsewhere, there's an invigorating vocal vulgarity that she hasn't displayed since 1970's *Silk Purse*. On "Get Closer," she demands affection from her lover instead of begging for it, while the guitars of Andrew Gold, Danny Kortchmar and Waddy Wachtel—the holy trinity of L.A. rock—roar and bellow behind her. "Get Closer" is meant to be a slap in the ears, and it is.

Once she has our attention, though, Ronstadt settles into what she does best: wringing all the sentiment imaginable from a series of stately ballads. These include two of Jimmy Webb's teary epics, "The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress" and "Easy for You to Say." Ronstadt navigates these sudsy ballads admirably, and it's a testament to the mesmeric power of her voice that she enables you to ignore the lyrics. It's the tune caught between the two Webbs, however—Joe South's "I Knew You When"—that allows Ronstadt to demonstrate her vocal technique most spectacularly. The song begins at the very peak of passion, with Ronstadt yelling "Yeah! yeah! yeah!..." at maximum volume, and then swoops down to a lower register to make a series of accusations to a sap who's jilted her. This is blatant, showoff stuff, of course, but it's braggadocio so well executed that it's irresistibly thrilling. The only so-so performance on the first side of *Get Closer* is "Talk to Me of Mendocino," in which Ronstadt's crisp, straightforward reading of a hopelessly corny yet ineffably beautiful Kate McGarrigle song comes off as rather listless—sincere but uninspired.

Turn *Get Closer* over and prepare yourself for dismay, because Ronstadt almost blows it. The second side gets off to a dizzying high, as Ronstadt and producer Peter Asher goose James Taylor to life in a fast, prickly duet on the vintage soul classic "I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine." After Roderick Taylor's "Mr. Radio"—a pretty tune she sings with no particular feeling—Ronstadt makes two errors in pop-oldies selection: the Knickerbockers' mid-Sixties slam-bash,

"Lies," and the Exciters' girl-group raveup, "Tell Him." Both songs are fast paced and tartly performed, but since the point of the originals was rabid, dithering silliness, applying such meticulous premeditation to her cover versions cancels out any sense of fun or adventure.

As if to remind us of how far she's come, Ronstadt concludes *Get Closer* with "Sometimes You Just Can't Win," which was recorded in 1977, and "My Blue Tears," a Dolly Parton tune sung by Ronstadt, Parton and Emmylou Harris in 1978 and most likely intended for the aborted LP the trio had planned. These songs contain all the flaws of mid-period Ronstadt: the blind bleat, the popified country croon, the elongation of syllables for dramatic effect.

My advice: make your own great, five-star Linda Ronstadt minialbum out of *Get Closer*. Tape all of side one and add side two's "I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine." Listen to that, and you'll get closer to what Linda Ronstadt is all about these days. More power to her. □



Love Over Gold
Dire Straits
Warner Bros.
★★★★

LOVE OVER GOLD IS not just the title of Dire Straits' fourth album, it is a statement of purpose. In almost suicidal defiance of commercial good sense, singer-songwriter-guitarist Mark Knopfler has chosen to follow his muse, fashioning a collection of radically expanded epics and evocative tone poems that demand the listener's undivided attention. Certainly a quantum leap from the organic R&B impressionism of the band's early LPs (*Dire Straits* and *Communicue*) and the gripping short stories of *Making Movies*, its 1980 best seller, *Love Over Gold* is an ambitious, sometimes difficult record that is exhilarating in its successes and, at the very least, fascinating in its indulgences.

RATINGS: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ = Classic.
★ ★ ★ ★ = Very Good. ★ ★ ★ = Good.
★ ★ = Fair. ★ = Poor. Ratings are supervised by ROLLING STONE editors. They are meant to be considered in a general sense: i.e., records with the same number of stars may not necessarily be equal in merit.

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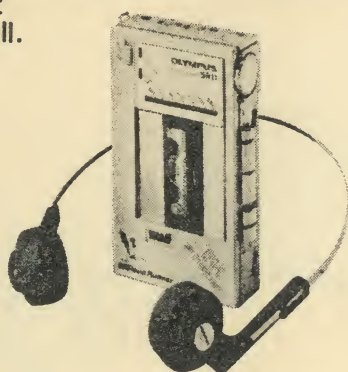


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Two drastically different moods dominate the new album. One is sharp and fiery (like the bolt of lightning on the cover); the other is soft and seductive. That dichotomy is particularly explicit in "Private Investigations," a long, unorthodox ballad in which Knopfler plays a private detective hardened by a life of combing through other people's dirty laundry. Over a discreet synthesizer ring, gurgling marimba and a delicately plucked acoustic guitar, he grumbles into his whiskey glass like Bob Dylan in a trench coat: "You get to meet all sorts in this line of work/Treachery and treason/There's always an excuse for it," he recites in a raspy nicotine snarl. Then John Illsley sounds a quiet warning with a stalking bass line before the song erupts in dramatic bursts of guitar gunfire and tragic-sounding piano playing.

This wracking schizophrenia between the heart and the heartless, the loving and the pain, has always informed Knopfler's songs and arrangements. *Love Over Gold*, however, finds Knopfler casting further than ever for ways to articulate the frustrations that color his romantic streak. At nearly fifteen minutes, the album's opener, "Telegraph Road," is certainly a challenge to the average pop fan's attention span. But the song's historic sweep and intimate tension—the building of America and the dashing of one man's dreams in the wake of its accelerating crumble—enable Knopfler to deploy a variety of surprising instrumental voices, from the synthesized sunrise whistle at the beginning to the baroque piano motif in the middle. The song closes with an extended solo guitar crescendo that's heated up by Pick Withers' galloping drums. "Love Over Gold" is a whispery ballad that plays the jazzy tangle of vibes against an almost classical piano air and the violinlike pluck of a synthesizer to heighten its images of a casual, even cavalier, sex life. On the other hand, "Industrial Disease"—at five minutes, the shortest of the LP's five songs and its most conventional rocker—crackles with a cynicism underlined by its cheesy "Wooly Bully" organ and coughing guitar effect.

At times, Mark Knopfler, who also plays producer here, seems to try too hard. "It Never Rains" is a harsh chip off the "Like a Rolling Stone" block. And nearly all the songs end in guitar solos, as if he had too many ideas and was unsure how to reconcile them. But in a

period when most pop music is conceived purely as product, *Love Over Gold* dares to put art before airplay.
—DAVID FRICKE



Ice Cream for Crow
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band
Virgin/Epic
★★★★

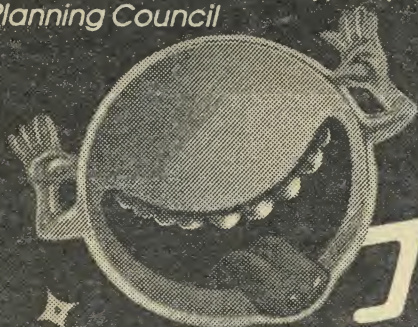
ICE CREAM FOR CROW, Captain Beefheart's twelfth album, will surely attain the sacred status enjoyed by the rest of this beloved eccentric's musical canon, and it will do so without so much as a critical blink. So it should be: in the arid expanses of rock & roll, Beefheart's second gift for words and music stands out like a flower rising from parched earth.

Personally, I have nothing but gratitude for almost every note he's ever played, but a few observations about his new record may be in order. First, in addition to the whooping crane and the manatee, Captain Beefheart's voice should be added to the list of endangered species. These days, he's not so much singing as delivering raspy recitations, and his touted seven-and-a-half octave range—a sad casualty of cigarettes and age—is nowhere in evidence. Second, he doesn't seem entirely at ease before the microphone, and on several compositions—notably, "Hey Garland, I Dig Your Tweed Coat"—he sounds disconcertingly self-conscious (the mix doesn't help). Then there's the disturbing cover snapshot of the Captain, hat held to heart, looking a hundred years old, his face conveying the wounded fright of a hunted animal.

His countenance may reflect a terrible knowledge and fear of man's capacity for destructiveness, but encouragingly, the dark realities of the nuclear age have inspired him to spew forth some of his cleverest lyrical images (i.e., "the moon popped up like a gallery duck") and some of the most aggressive, angular music he's made

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"My cup of teal!"
Zaphod Beeblebrox



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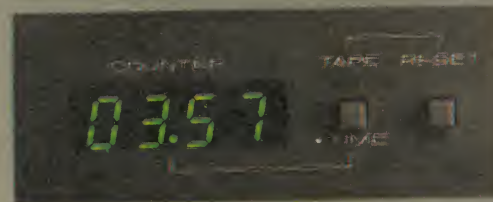
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RECORDS

since *Trout Mask Replica*. Like that landmark record, *Ice Cream for Crow* is a world unto itself: a crazy, clanging place where "steel appendage" and "glass finger" guitars evoke a clamorous dialogue among buzzing insects, jabbering birds, slithery reptiles and fleet-footed mammals. All this forest chatter is set against a jumbly rhythmic backdrop that sounds as orderly as coconuts hitting the ground. Occasionally, the Captain himself sticks his head out to bleat a few bars on a harp or a horn. If all this sounds like chaos, it's the ecstatic chaos of nature, the hum of the organic world in which man is an intruder.

If truth be told, the record's not so weird, once you acclimate yourself. "Ice Cream for Crow," for instance, is a joyful bit of baying at the moon that marries a Howlin' Wolf bellow to a John Lee Hooker boogie. "The Witch Doctor Life" struts loopyly to what can only be described as a good, old-fashioned musical hook. And "Evening Bell" is a lovely solo guitar exercise for which Gary Lucas should receive some sort of award for finger contortioning.

But by and large, the Captain is pissed off with the man-made world ("This pirate-flag headlong disaster-course vessel") and the fools at the helm ("No, you got the wrong idea/No, you got the wrong intent"). Left untampered with, he knows that the immutable laws of nature will always establish a balance; he knows too that there'll be nothing left to revive when the earth is an empty cinder swimming through space. On such songs as "The Host, the Ghost, the Most Holy-O" and "The Past Sure Is Tense," Beefheart sounds an ecological alarm, and the Magic Band bumps, grinds, glints, glistens and groans to the Captain's minutist musical tics with pinpoint-accurate playing. Once again, Captain Beefheart has stomped some mighty dinosaur tracks across the

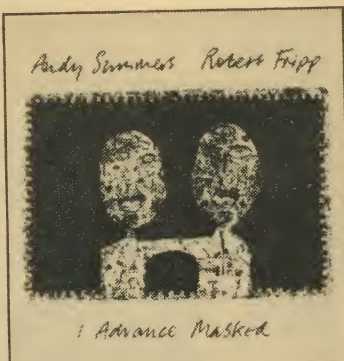
Summer at the Lake

Wind kicks the water
like kids in the shallows
and the waves gleam
the scales gleam
on fish floating sideways
smiling and smug
suffocated
in the bright bloom of algae

—SUZIE SIEGEL

back of a modern world gone berserk. Are you still gonna pretend that you don't hear him?

—PARKE PUTERBAUGH



I Advance Masked Andy Summers and Robert Fripp

A&M

★★★★½

IF YOU WANT TO know what the future of rock guitar will sound like, don't bother hooking up speakers to your crystal ball—the answer can be found in the grooves of this record. A duet album between Police guitarist Andy Summers and Robert Fripp, *I Advance Masked* winds up being a sort of manifesto for the guitar synthesizer. One of the reasons *I Advance Masked* is so convincing is that Summers and Fripp don't feel compelled to show off every possible sound the new technology has made possible. Instead, they dip into their bag of tricks only when the music deems it necessary, thus driving home the point that the guitar synthesizer isn't a replacement for the electric guitar but a useful addition to its sonic possibilities.

The proof, of course, is in the music. From the evocative pastels of "Girl on a Swing" to the feedback-tinged drive of "I Advance Masked," Summers and Fripp manage quite a range of expression while maintaining consistently high standards in both technique and invention. "Girl on a Swing" features a lead line whose fluidity and articulation seem closer to that of a woodwind than a guitar, while "Hardy Country" pits an insistent ostinato pattern against shimmering swells that wash into cymbal crashes. Because there is no rhythm section, aside from the occasional percussion provided by Summers and Fripp, the pulse has a tendency to turn static. But the two guitarists manage to turn even that to their advantage by playing the repetitious patterns for texture.

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—J.D. CONSIDINE



Keep On Doing The Roches

Warner Bros.

★★★½

NO NEW RECORD BY the Roches can bring the awesome surprise their debut did, but their third album is nearly as perfect. The first may have been prettier by conventional folk-music standards, but *Keep On Doing* is more ambitious, emphasizing some peculiar instrumentation—especially the coolly excited, pulsing guitar runs by Robert Fripp—that often gives it the feel of rock, although the record is lush with acoustic guitars.

Arranging the songs in offbeat ways, the Roches sing them impeccably, their voices passing, colliding and scattering throughout the melodies only to meet on an exact chord. And they always deliver the unexpected. At a moment when just about any other songwriter would get weepy, a jilted Maggie Roche comes up with this couplet: "When I first met you, I failed to get you/Now that I let you come through, I forget who I am." Maggie's songs are more lyrically arcane than those of Suzzy and Terre, who are likely to address the problems of their lives in screwy ways. "Didn't you ever feel like the largest Elizabeth in the world?/ Usually at a time when the boy is oblivious to the girl," writes Terre in one new song. The Roches like to let their audience know that they share the same awful moments—the worst fears ("I'm probably not the kind of girl you think you want") and the worst feelings of inadequacy ("Why don't you listen to my little pep talk, instead of

what that person said/And now I'm gonna open up the window, and you will come in off that ledge").

It's their weird sense of humor that sets them apart, and Suzzy and Terre are getting even funnier. The Roches could lay back and work their way through a set of gorgeous vocal exercises, like their epiphanous rendition here of "The Hallelujah Chorus," which they belt out like Broadway divas; instead, they bravely give the oddest material a go. And somehow, they remain folk singers whose harmonizing never seems like an elevated Campfire Girls' outing. Without resorting to psychobabble, they have sussed out the modern world and leave behind a maxim we can all live by: "Be on your guard/Jerks on the loose."

—DEBBY MILLER



The Jimi Hendrix Concerts

Jimi Hendrix

Reprise

★★★

THE RECORD INDUSTRY probably has no greater sin on its conscience than the artistic and commercial rape of Jimi Hendrix. Unofficial releases of old hack studio sessions with Curtis Knight and the Isley Brothers dogged him during his lifetime. Since his death in 1970, "greatest hits" reruns, concert and studio-outtake compilations and a virtual torrent of pre-Experience dross have flooded the marketplace. Precious few of them have shown even a fraction of the care and imagination Hendrix diligently applied to record making.

At first glance, *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts* seems a noble attempt to right a few of those wrongs. Unlike other live Hendrix albums, bootlegs excepted, this two-record set attempts to simulate a complete Hendrix concert performance with selections taken mostly from a 1968 stand at San Francisco's Winterland with the original Experience. Yet for all the incendiary rage and manic daring with which

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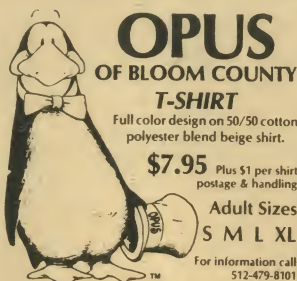
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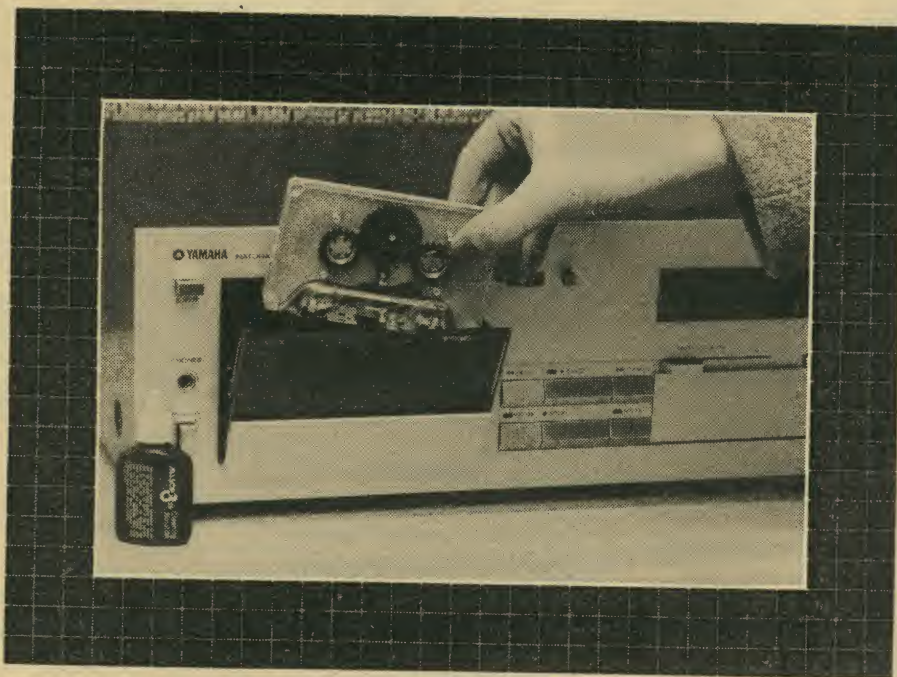
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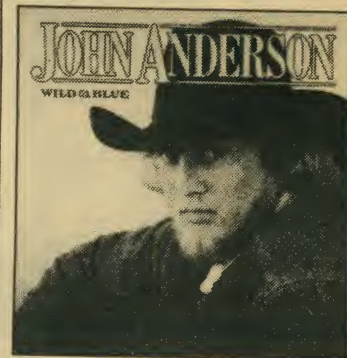
RECORDS

Hendrix attacks his guitar on now-classic blasts like "Fire" and "Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)," this album is hardly "a collection of his most exciting performances," which is how it's billed on the back cover. For starters, producer Alan Douglas has put these tracks through a studio ringer that compresses the Stratocaster shriek that shook the world into a seductively muted sting. Where "Little Wing"—with its high cathedral-like grace and serenading melody—should sing, it merely shrugs, the dulled edge of Hendrix' guitar aggravated by the moping pace of the Experience. And compare the slightly glazed guitar tone of the breathless opener, "Fire," with the savage, unretouched bite of "Johnny B. Goode" on the now-deleted *Hendrix in the West*.

More significant, *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts* finds Hendrix, a year after Monterey, already caught between his rock & roll muse and the hard place of stardom. His frustration with the "wild man of rock" image is evident in the rote recitation of his Monterey show-stopper, "Wild Thing." He introduces a London 1969 take of "Stone Free" as a "blast from the past," opening up the song in an extended solo that falls back on familiar licks and feedback grandstanding before dissolving into a blustery Mitch Mitchell drum break. There are moments when he breaks gloriously free. "I Don't Live Today" explodes in metallic shards of guitar and feedback flames, Hendrix painting white-noise abstractions with a stupefying harmonic logic. "Are You Experienced" is rich in dissonant grandeur, an electrifying example of Hendrix' orchestral manipulation of high volume and harmonic overtones. His inventive blues expansions get ample space in "Bleeding Heart," and the soul at the heart of it all hits a locomotive peak in the passionate finale, "Hear My Train a-Comin'."

On the whole, this is a marked improvement over previous "official" live issues, and occasionally it approaches his real genius. But the emasculating postproduction and sometimes confused performances are a distorted mirror of Jimi

Hendrix' true achievements. *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts*, for all its good intentions, is not the real experience. —DAVID FRICKE



Wild and Blue
John Anderson
Warner Bros.
★★★★½

NOW A MODERN two-lane blacktop/Runs across the old homeplace," John Anderson sings on "Disappearing Farmer," the most trenchant track on his fourth album, *Wild and Blue*. But the cracks in his voice are the ruts of back-country dirt roads. At a time when crossover is king and even "outlaws" prefer urbane easy listening (Willie Nelson warbles the Procol Harum songbook), Anderson is stubbornly out of sync. A young man who echoes the authenticity of songs recorded by the likes of Lefty Frizzell and Carl Smith in the Fifties, Anderson is just about the best thing that's happened to country music in the Eighties.

Anderson is an anomaly but not an antique, for he combines a defiant traditionalism with a sophisticated fondness for haunting, minor-key modulations and subtle, quarter-tone slurs. A sober George Jones, he never chokes on the lump in his throat when he croons. His quaver suggests a wistful innocence, not delirium tremens. And when he rocks, his voice deepens and assumes a hard edge.

Anderson's last record, *I Just Came Home to Count the Memories*, suffered from a self-conscious eclecticism and made a few feckless forays into folk-rock. But *Wild and Blue* rediscovers the old verities and revels in the plink of a banjo, the strut of a fiddle, the whistling whine of a steel guitar and a dobro's laconic lilt. The refrain of the title tune is an invitation to a hoedown, and "The Waltz You Saved for Me," Anderson's brief, heartbreaking duet with Em-

Desert Haiku

The evening cools;
lizards lie on highway 10
grin up to headlights.

—MIKE BURNS

mylou Harris, is as pure as a tear-drop, as elegant as crystal. Anderson even manages, by dint of his simple straightforwardness, to breathe new life into "The Long Black Veil," to which Merle Haggard contributes a chorus.

The album's only shortcomings are the preponderance of lachrymose tempos and a tendency toward 3/4 time. Would that the record were a bit wilder and a little less blue! Only one song, "Swingin'," is an out-and-out rocker, and here Anderson's uncharacteristic vocal sounds too close to Levon Helm for comfort. Nevertheless, the album is imbued with the indomitable spirit of the "Disappearing Farmer," who defies drought, depression and bankers: "He was smilin' on his death-bed/Glad he hadn't sold out to them." John Anderson isn't about to sell the farm, either.

—KEN EMERSON



Special Beat Service The English Beat

I.R.S.
★★★★½

RATHER THAN STICK to their original formula—a winning blend of ska, reggae, progressive politics and sheer adrenalin—the English Beat have elected to experiment with a broad range of musical idioms on their third album, and in so doing, they reveal the full range of their formidable talents. *Special Beat Service* sparkles with surprising touches that might sound incongruous were it not for the Beat's ability to make them sound perfectly right. Even when retracing their ska roots on "Jeanette" and "Sorry," they manage to incorporate, respectively, an Old World accordion and snatches of Seventies Philadelphia funk. But the most striking departure is "Save It for Later," whose hypnotically sluggish melody, slashing rhythm guitars and manic viola infuse the Beat's customary tropical ambiance with more than a glimmer of the Velvet

Underground's "White Light/White Heat."

Apart from a few general homilies in "Sugar and Stress" to the effect that "this world is upside down," the English Beat have also foregone the topical verbiage of their earlier records. The Latin rhythms of "Ackee 1 2 3" end the album on a lighthearted note reminiscent of Haircut One Hundred. The English Beat may be more sophisticated and versatile than that band, but they seem to be playing music in much the same spirit these days. There's nothing on *Special Beat Service* that's especially dazzling or profound; nonetheless, it eloquently demonstrates the creative possibilities of unassuming, heartwarming commercial pop. —NICHOLAS SCHAFFNER



Zombie Birdhouse Iggy Pop Animal

★★★★½

"I mean, whatever happened to when a guy just wanted to play some honest music for his peer group?"—IGGY POP

I'M AFRAID TO WONDER just who Iggy Pop's peer group might be, but I'd willingly wager that half of them are breaking the law right now. Iggy has made a career of treading the danger line like no one since Jim Morrison; in the process, the Ig has managed to become the yardstick by which rock outrage is measured. Twelve albums into the fray, Iggy Pop has found sanctuary on Animal Records, a Chrysalis subsidiary whose roster is overseen by Chris Stein of Blondie. Now that Iggy's free of major-label expectations (not that he ever capitulated), one might have anticipated something on the order of *Metallic K.O. Revisited*. Surprisingly, *Zombie Birdhouse* is a brainy, well-plotted collection with more depth than could have been expected from the author of "I Wanna Be Your Dog."

This album may just be Iggy's *Morrison Hotel*; like that Doors



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classic, *Zombie Birdhouse* takes an almost novelistic look at the character of America that is by turns funny and angry, reverential and irreverent. It's filled, too, with an almost mystical primitivism that brings out the shaman in Iggy's soul. The Doors analogy is unavoidable in this sense, of course, but all this imitation is sincerely flattering, and it's been awhile since we've had a convincing shaman on the scene. Besides, the rich lyrical imagery and musical daring of *Zombie Birdhouse*, particularly on the first side, are enough to make it a minor classic in its own right. Take "Life of Work," in which Iggy Pop has refashioned an old sea shanty into a sad riddle for the working class: "What do you do with a life of work?/Face it in the morning." "The Ballad of Cookie McBride" is just amazing; it sounds like a Bob Dylan lament sung by Leon Russell with a twist of Lizard King metaphysics ("Hi-hi-ho, it's a watery day/On my way to an unmarked grave"). Throughout, Iggy's collaborator, guitarist-keyboardist Rob duPrey, manages

to produce some fascinating noise by altering, filtering and treating his instruments. Chris Stein and Clem Burke of Blondie provide the exotic rhythmic spice that seasons this record to perfection.

If I have any complaints, it's that the second side gets a bit flaky with its rough mixes, sloppy endings and dub foolery. But the first side is a killer — acute, lucid and hard as diamond. In "Run like a Villain," Iggy describes a dizzying rush of feeling that's pure exhilaration: "The shining moon/The dead oak tree/Nights like this appeal to me..." Me, too.

—PARKE PUTERBAUGH

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When we love
it's the start
of a new century
where a thousand
inventions
await us.

—REGIS JOHNSON



Forever Now The Psychedelic Furs Columbia

★★★

THERE ARE THOSE who find the voice of Richard Butler, lead singer of the Psychedelic Furs, ineffably fascinating. There are also those who run from the room upon hearing his unique vocal cords. Butler sounds like George Jones imitating Bryan Ferry: the sound escapes through clenched teeth, a thin croon that's rough and buzzy in the high notes, fruity and fulsome in

the low ones.

Butler's voice carries *Forever Now*, the Furs' third album. Produced by Todd Rundgren, the LP is pervaded by the most salient characteristic of the Furs' music: the thick, viscous smear of guitars, drums and vocals that streams across their melodies. But although most of *Forever Now* is alluring and amusing, only once does the band come up with something really new. "Danger" is the most ferocious, impassioned song the Furs have ever recorded. The song's headlong pace and slamming beat are a thrilling departure for the band, which as a matter of faith usually never tries to exceed the tempo of "Strawberry Fields Forever." On "Danger," however, the Psychedelic Furs lay them-

Thru This Window

Street aliens
wear Picasso faces—
bob on curtain waves.

—MIKE TAYLOR

selves on the line, and all of Richard Butler's simmering romanticism comes to a boil. Let's hope their next album uses this performance as its inspiration. —KEN TUCKER



Acting Very Strange Mike Rutherford

Atlantic

★★½

ON HIS SECOND solo album, Mike Rutherford brings his estimable know-how and experience from almost fifteen years as bassist and guitarist with Genesis and combines them with some fanciful ideas

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about pop songwriting. The result is a hung jury. *Acting Very Strange* is strange indeed, for promising ideas never really pan out: dramatic moments dissolve into quirky keyboard noises, and potential rockers end up as bump-and-grind exercises in futility. To Rutherford's credit, "Halfway There" and "Who's Fooling Who" are a ton of fun, while "Hideaway" is by far the most emotionally engaging song on the album. Yet much of the music is laden with synthesized trimmings that serve only to disguise lapses of inspiration.

The production values on *Acting Very Strange*, unlike much of the LP's blithe pop spirit, cannot be taken lightly—as debilitating guitar-synthesizer assaults and other keyboard barrages will attest. As the wall of sound gets thicker, one is reminded of Rutherford's origins, and in the end, the conflict between his pop ambitions and the sometimes ponderous Genesis style becomes an uneasy one.

Though *Acting Very Strange* is sometimes reminiscent of Genesis, this cannot be taken too critically,

for it reveals the extent of his influence and stature in one of the world's most durable bands. It'll take another solo effort before Rutherford steps out from under the shadow of Genesis—but then again, there's not a whole lot of evidence that he may actually want to. Despite certain indications otherwise on *Acting Very Strange*, he's still very much a Eurorock.

—ERROL SOMAY

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—ROBERT A. KNAPP

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curled circle of fur
curled circle of fire
cat sleeps in the sun

—HENRY JANKIEWICZ



MSB
Michael Stanley Band
EMI America
★★½

UNLIKE ALL THE other Bruce Springsteen emulators currently stalking America's rock & roll heartland, the Michael Stanley Band has finally made the leap from derivative to evocative. Not exactly a giant step for mankind, but it ought to be enough to raise the group from the ranks of pretenders to contenders. A major factor in the group's rise has been its ability

to work a beefy heavy-metal crunch in with the ersatz rock traditionalism and occasional touch of R&B, and *MSB* finds the power-guitar moves better integrated than ever. But this time around, Stanley and the band play down the metal content in favor of a hotter rhythm mix and a larger role for Kevin Raleigh's vocals. While the former should garner the band more radio play, it's the latter that makes the most impressive difference. Raleigh's tart, nasal tenor is an ideal foil for Stanley's mellow baritone, suggesting urgency where Stanley would go for melodrama, and soaring over the dense mix where his boss would have to muscle through. When the two voices play off each other, as they do in the chorus of "Spanish Nights," the effect is remarkably similar to Tom Petty's duets with Stevie Nicks.

Still, if the Michael Stanley Band is serious about fighting their way to the top, they're going to have to work a little harder on material. Raleigh's ballads have a tendency to sound alike, and neither he nor

Stanley seems capable of arranging their fast cars, pretty girls and tough-break story lines so that they don't end up hopelessly mired in clichés. But with some further refinement and a few good pop tunes, there's no reason why the Michael Stanley Band couldn't become another REO Speedwagon.

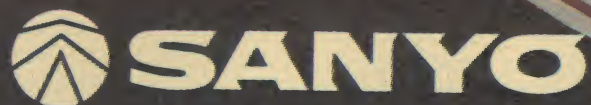
—J.D. CONSIDINE

Christmas

What is under the tree?
A tent of bones; ants picked
the animal clean.
A cabin has been sighted
on the ridge. A woman
is inside. She hears faint
music, heart,
a fading guitar note.
She brushes
her hair. She touches
her thighs,
dimpled as they are
with stretchmarks.

—CHRISTOPHER KAWSON





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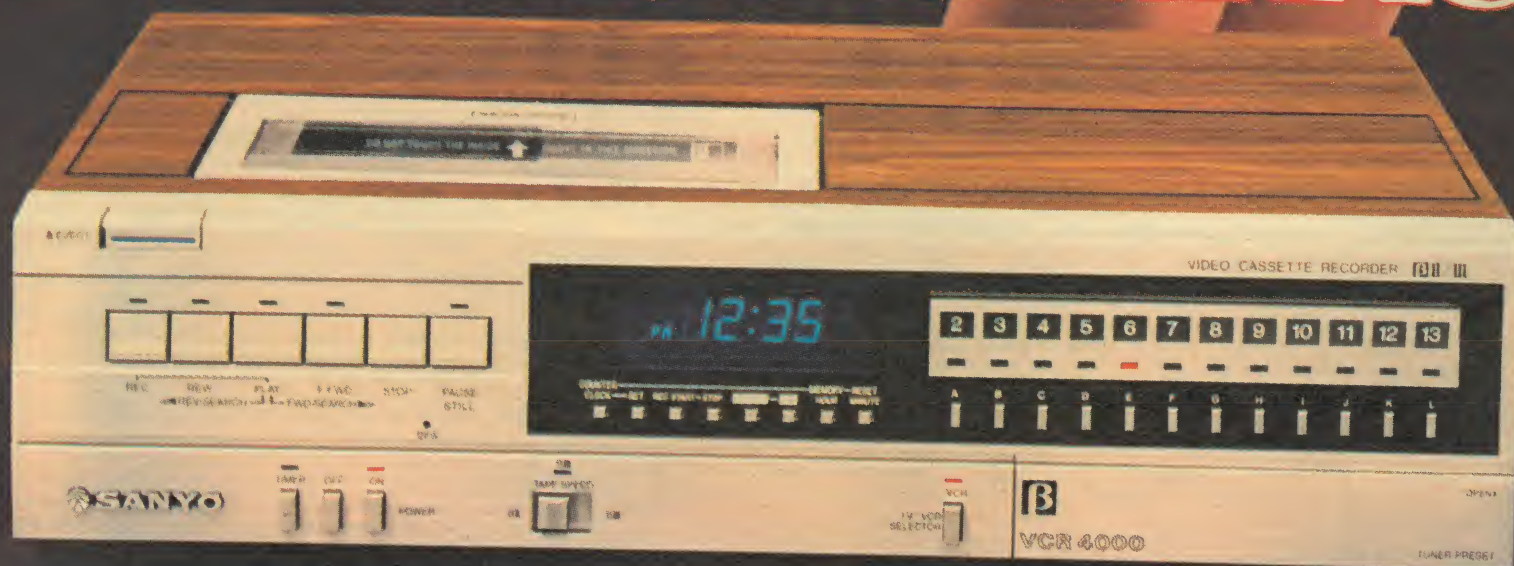


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The launching of satellite TV

THINK OF DIRECT-broadcast satellite as a national cable television — without the cable. Instead of a cable being run down your street, all you'd need is a tiny satellite dish to receive the programming beamed directly from a geostationary satellite perched 23,000 miles in space.

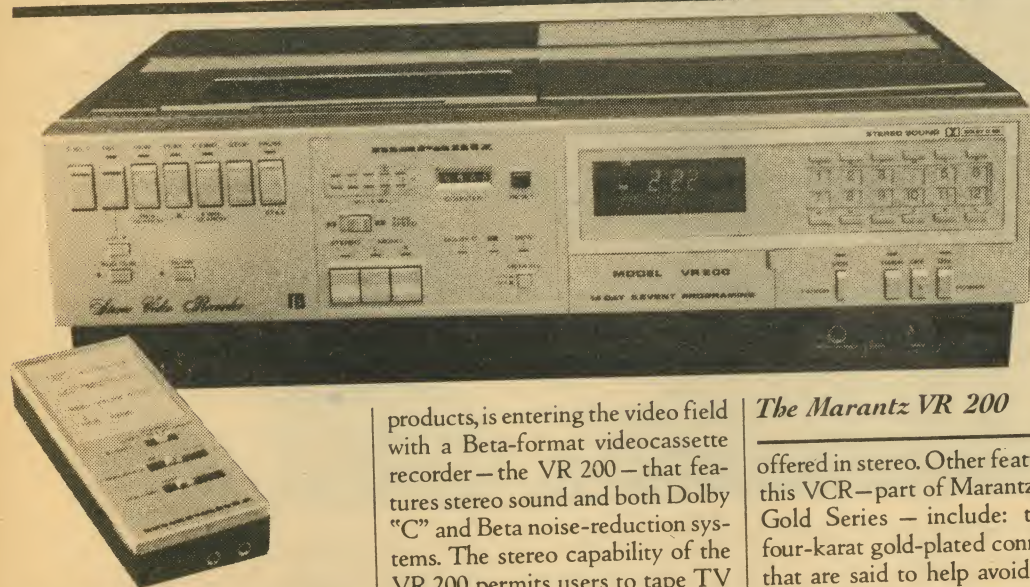
That's precisely what United Satellite Television (USTV) hopes to provide by June of next year. USTV, which is backed by hardware giant General Instrument, has managed to acquire space on Anik-C—a Canadian satellite that is capable of beaming a dbs (direct broadcast via satellite) signal to nearly ninety-five percent

of the states in the U.S. (If you live in Florida, Washington or Montana, you're out of luck.)

"I think the timing is absolutely right for this," says Richard Blume, one of the founders of USTV. "We're going to offer a packaged premium channel — our HBO; a repertory channel with foreign, independent and classic films, as well as cultural programming; a superstation — maybe Turner's WTBS; and a news and sports channel." Subscribing to the service will cost between fifteen and eighteen dollars a month (which is cheaper than most cable services), and the satellite dish — which will cost about \$500, though it might be cheaper in the not-so-distant fu-

ture — is equipped with a pay-per-view option for special events.

Originally, most experts didn't expect to see a dbs service until after 1986. Now, however, the FCC is considering petitions from such companies as Comsat, CBS and RCA, all of whom want to offer dbs TV. By going to Canada, United Satellite may have pulled a fast one that will give it an enormous edge. Blume says the company plans a \$15 million ad campaign starting in June and expects more than 100,000 subscribers to the service by the end of 1983. However, a top ABC-TV official says that Blume and USTV may be a little too optimistic and that ironing out all the logistics could delay the launch of the satellite service until next fall.



A Marantz VCR

MARANTZ, A COMPANY long associated with quality audio

products, is entering the video field with a Beta-format videocassette recorder — the VR 200 — that features stereo sound and both Dolby "C" and Beta noise-reduction systems. The stereo capability of the VR 200 permits users to tape TV broadcasts off the air when they are simulcast over stereo FM radio and to take advantage of the growing number of prerecorded videocassettes that are now being

The Marantz VR 200

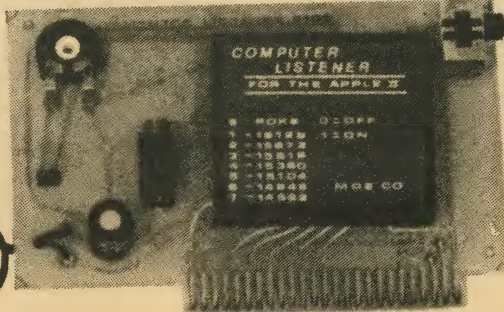
offered in stereo. Other features of this VCR — part of Marantz' Solid Gold Series — include: twenty-four-karat gold-plated connectors that are said to help avoid corrosion and improve signal quality, feather-touch controls, full-function remote control, automatic or manual record levels and audio dubbing capability. It's \$1295.

The sounds of the Apple

THE COMPUTER LISTENER is a new product that gives you an audio look into your Apple computer, letting you hear all the machine's internal activity. Played through the Apple's built-in speaker, the Listener adds sound effects to machine code games, math calculations, graphics, print statements, plotting and any other computer functions. More important, the device can be used to find bugs in software and hardware, and it is an



effective aid in helping to envision the computer's inner workings. Playing with the Computer Listener might even replace watching dots on television. It is



Listener: a look inside

priced at seventy-nine dollars, and it's available from M. Reinhart Engineering, Chicago.



Computing in a briefcase

HEWLETT-PACKARD'S HP-75 is a truly portable computer. It's so portable, in fact, that it fits inside a briefcase. But that's not all this intriguing unit has to offer. It also features Basic-language programmability, and its three plug-in ports accept 8K or 16K ROM (Read Only

The Hewlett-Packard HP-75: a personal portable computer

Memory) modules so that the computer can be customized for specific applications. Its maximum memory is 120K bytes, and it comes with a built-in Hewlett-Packard interface loop that lets the HP-75 communicate with other computers and peripherals. The price is \$995.

The programming of TEC

EVER WONDER where those shows that are too good for network TV end up after they get canceled? It turns out that some of them now appear on the Entertainment Channel (TEC), a pay-TV service that wants to be the thinking viewer's HBO. Such shows as *The Associates* and *Skag* have been snapped up by the station as part of its *Limited Editions* program. If this sounds like subscribers are paying to watch network rejects, well, the channel offers a bit more variety than that.

"We're not a cultural service and we're not an elitist channel," contends Arthur Taylor, the director of TEC. "We're closer to HBO than we are to ARTS [ABC's cultural service]. If *Hill Street Blues* were available, we'd take it." Taylor was president of CBS until the cor-

poration's chairman, William S. Paley, unceremoniously dumped him in 1976. He resurfaced when he helped the Rockefellers with their formation of TEC. Taylor was hired on and immediately signed exclusive rights with the BBC for its TV programming.

Though the Entertainment Channel may not be directed at highbrows, it has featured a special of Stephen Sondheim's hit *Sweeney Todd* and a host of other Broadway productions geared more to the classes than the masses. In fact, says Taylor, Broadway and theater will be an important source of programming for TEC. "We're using special cameras and lenses and shooting theater in a way it's never been done before," says Taylor. Whether all this will get viewers to pay the subscription fee remains to be seen. —MICHAEL SCHRAGE

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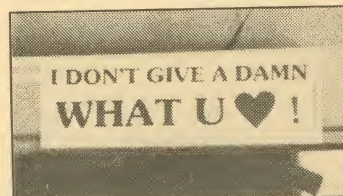
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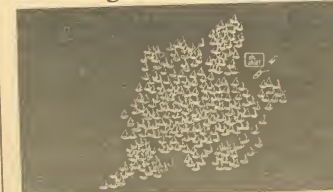
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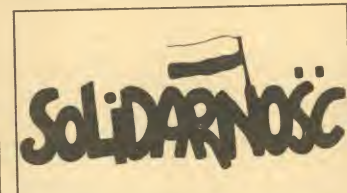
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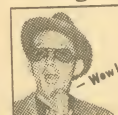
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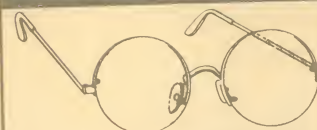
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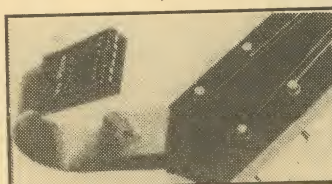


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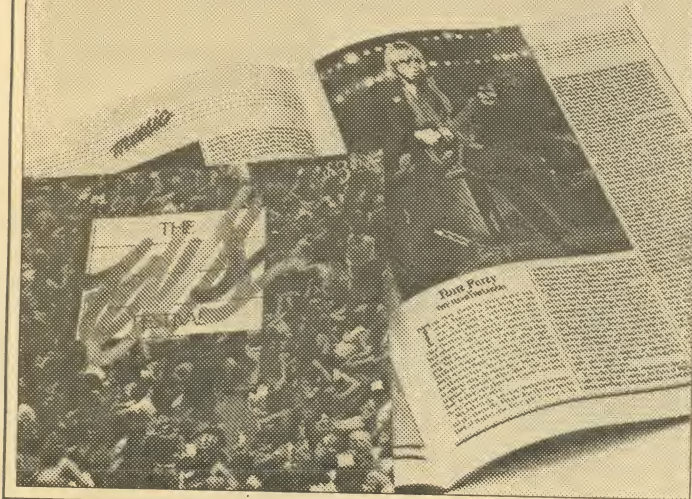
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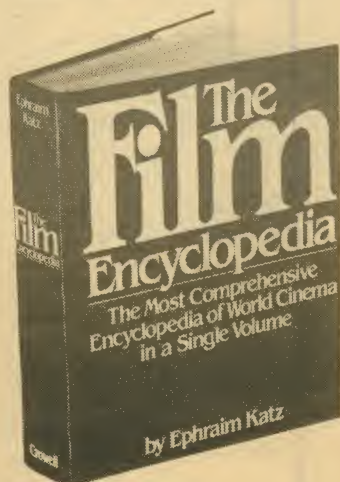
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THE CHART

Numbers in column one show an album's position this week; the second column shows its position two weeks ago; the third column tells the number of weeks on chart.

1	1 13	FLEETWOOD MAC Mirage—WB**
2	2 4	THE WHO It's Hard—WB
3	4 8	MICHAEL McDONALD If That's What It Takes—WB
4	3 24	JOHN COUGAR American Fool—Riva**
5	10	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Nebraska—Columbia
6	8 3	RUSH Signals—Mercury
7	37 3	PETER GABRIEL Security—Geffen
8	9 8	MEN AT WORK Business as Usual—Col.
9	7 18	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT Eye in the Sky—Arista*
10	6 20	A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS A Flock of Seagulls—Jive/Arista
11	5 10	THE GO-GOS Vacation—IRS
12	14 24	JOE JACKSON Night and Day—A&M
13	15 15	STRAY CATS Built for Speed—EMI
14	10 10	BILLY SQUIER Emotions in Motion—Capitol*
15	13 19	THE CLASH Combat Rock—Columbia
16	10	DIRE STRAITS Love Over Gold—WB
17	18 13	CROSBY, STILLS & NASH Daylight Again—Atlantic*
18	12 13	ELVIS COSTELLO Imperial Bedroom—Col.
19	11 13	ROBERT PLANT Pictures at Eleven—Swan Song*
20	20 29	ASIA Asia—Geffen**
21	16 9	STEVE WINWOOD Talking Back to the Night—Island
22	22 4	KENNY LOGGINS High Adventure—Col.
23	19 13	STEVE MILLER BAND Abracadabra—Capitol*
24	10	KOOL & THE GANG As One—De-Lite
25	21 17	CHICAGO 16—Full Moon/WB*
26	23 10	ARETHA FRANKLIN Jump to It—Arista
27	34 3	THE TIME What Time Is It?—WB
28	17 7	SANTANA Shango—Columbia
29	62 3	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN Greatest Hits Vol. II—MCA
30	27 6	DON HENLEY I Can't Stand Still—Asylum
31	10	BILLY JOEL The Nylon Curtain—Col.
32	30 13	JUDAS PRIEST Screaming for Vengeance—Columbia
33	31 48	LOVERBOY Get Lucky—Columbia**

34	26 15	PETE TOWNSHEND All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes—Atco
35	41 7	GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS Bad to the Bone—EMI
36	28 12	EDDIE MONEY No Control—Columbia
37	46 4	EVELYN KING Get Loose—RCA
38	24 17	GAP BAND Gap Band IV—Polydor*
39	25 10	DONNA SUMMER Donna Summer—Geffen*
40	10	ABC Lexicon of Love—Polygram
41	38 18	ROXY MUSIC Avalon—WB/E.G.
42	29 16	SURVIVOR Eye of the Tiger—Scotti Bros.**
43	10	LINDA RONSTADT Get Closer—Asylum
44	40 6	ZAPP Zapp II—WB*
45	39 4	KIM CARNES Voyeur—EMI America
46	44 18	GLENN FREY No Fun Aloud—Asylum
47	45 21	MARSHALL CRENSHAW Marshall Crenshaw—WB
48	48 7	MISSING PERSONS Missing Persons—Capitol
49	10	DIANA ROSS Silk Electric—RCA
50	52 3	PAUL CARRACK Suburban Voodoo—Epic
51	36 33	HUMAN LEAGUE Dare—A&M*
52	32 24	THE MOTELS All Four One—Capitol
53	35 7	BAD COMPANY Rough Diamonds—Swan Song
54	42 21	HAIRCUT 100 Pelican West—Arista
55	49 20	38 SPECIAL Special Forces—A&M*
56	57 4	ROMEO VOID Benefactor—415/Columbia
57	33 16	GENESIS Three Sides Live—Atlantic
58	47 29	WILLIE NELSON Always on My Mind—Columbia**
59	43 21	SQUEEZE Sweets from a Stranger—A&M
60	53 15	REO SPEEDWAGON Good Trouble—Epic*
61	51 11	WARREN ZEVON The Envoy—Asylum
62	63 29	SCORPIONS Blackout—Mercury*
63	50 5	FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH Soundtrack—Full Moon/Asylum
64	60 22	STEVIE WONDER Original Musiquarium I—Tamla*
65	56 17	THE ROLLING STONES Still Life—Rolling Stones
66	58 24	VAN HALEN Diver Down—WB**
67	61 4	AEROSMITH Rock in a Hard Place—Columbia
68	71 21	PAT METHENY Offramp—ECM

69	66 6	TEDDY PENDERGRASS This One's For You—Phila Int'l
70	55 22	DREAMGIRLS Soundtrack—Geffen
71	64 20	RICK JAMES Throwin' Down—Gordy*
72	59 23	PAUL McCARTNEY Tug of War—Columbia**
73	70 40	SOFT CELL Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret—Sire
74	54 26	TOTO IV—Columbia*
75	65 14	X Under the Big Black Sun—Elektra
76	73 24	ELTON JOHN Jump Up!—Geffen
77	67 16	ADRIAN BELEW Lone Rhino—Island
78	75 25	ALABAMA Mountain Music—RCA**
79	68 14	ROCKY III Soundtrack—Liberty*
80	69 16	DAVID JOHANSEN Live It Up—Blue Sky
81	72 20	FRANK ZAPPA Ship Arriving Too Late...—Barking Pumpkin
82	85 52	THE POLICE Ghost in the Machine—A&M**
83	76 21	CHEAP TRICK One on One—Epic
84	74 24	KING CRIMSON Beat—WB/E.G.
85	77 13	APRIL WINE Power Play—Capitol
86	79 28	KARLA BONOFF Wild Heart of the Young—Columbia
87	81 25	PATRICE RUSHEN Straight from the Heart—Elektra
88	84 24	DAVE EDMUNDS D.E. 7th—Columbia
89	80 29	ALDO NOVA Aldo Nova—Portrait/CBS*
90	83 19	JUICE NEWTON Quiet Lies—Capitol*
91	82 30	RICK SPRINGFIELD Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet—RCA**
92	78 15	AIR SUPPLY Now and Forever—Arista*
93	91 63	THE GO-GOS Beauty and the Beat—IRS**
94	89 25	RAY PARKER JR. The Other Woman—Arista*
95	92 14	E.T. Soundtrack—MCA
96	87 40	JOAN JETT I Love Rock 'n' Roll—Boardwalk**
97	90 11	TED NUGENT Nugent—Atlantic
98	93 63	JOURNEY Escape—Columbia**
99	96 24	RAINBOW Straight between the Eyes—Mercury
100	97 22	BLUE OYSTER CULT Extraterrestrial Live—Col.

The ROLLING STONE Album Chart is based on a continuous nationwide phone survey of album sales in rock-oriented record stores. New entries are indicated by *. Recordings certified platinum (indicating sales over 1 million) by the Recording Industry Association of America are identified with a double asterisk (**). Records certified gold (sales over 500,000) carry a single asterisk (*).

CALENDAR

THE CLASH: Los Angeles, CA (10/29).

CHEAP TRICK: Lawton, OK (10/26); Cleveland, MS (10/28); Belmont, TX (10/31).

MARSHALL CRENSHAW: Amherst, MA (10/28); Providence, RI (10/29); Rindge, NH (10/30).

CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH: Memphis, TN (10/26); Birmingham, AL (10/28); Knoxville, TN (10/29); Murfreesboro, TN (10/30); Lexington, KY (11/2); South Bend, IN (11/3); Rochester, NY (11/5); New Haven, CT (11/6).

PETER GABRIEL: Livingston, NJ (10/31); Albany, NY (11/1); Utica, NY (11/2); Quebec City, CAN (11/4); Montreal, CAN (11/5); Ottawa, CAN (11/6); Toronto, CAN (11/8); Buffalo, NY (11/9); Rochester, NY (11/11); Boston, MA (11/12); Passaic, NJ (11/13); Washington DC (11/14).

HEART: Richmond, VA (11/1); Norfolk, VA (11/2); Charlotte, NC (11/3); Greensboro, NC (11/5); Columbus, GA (11/6); Jacksonville, FL (11/7); Lakeland, FL (11/9); Fort Myers, FL (11/10); Miami, FL (11/12); Tallahassee, FL (11/13); Mobile, AL (11/14).

JOE JACKSON: Boulder, CO (11/2); Santa Clara, CA (11/5); Berkeley, CA (11/6); Tucson, AZ (11/10); Tempe, AZ (11/12); Albuquerque, NM (11/14); Lubbock, TX (11/15); Austin, TX (11/16); Atlanta, GA (11/22).

JUDAS PRIEST: Verdun, CAN (10/26); Toronto, CAN (10/28).

R.E.M.: Atlanta, GA (10/29); Monterey, AL (11/3); Baton Rouge, LA (11/5); New Orleans, LA (11/6).

REO SPEEDWAGON: Hampton, VA (11/7); Binghamton, NY (11/8);

Philadelphia, PA (11/9); Hartford, CT (11/11); East Rutherford, NJ (11/12); Portland, ME (11/14); Boston, MA (11/15); Worcester, MA (11/16); Providence, RI (11/19).

LINDA RONSTADT: Ithaca, NY (10/29); West Point, NY (10/30); Plattsburgh, NY (10/31).

RUSH: Lexington, KY (10/30); Evansville, IN (10/31); Indianapolis, IN (11/1); Cleveland, OH (11/3,4); South Bend, IN (11/5); Detroit, MI (11/7-9); Kalamazoo, MI (11/11); Toledo, OH (11/12); Dayton, OH (11/14); Champaign, IL (11/15).

38 SPECIAL: Clarksville, TN (10/26); Chicago, IL (10/28); Normal, IL (10/29); Detroit, MI (10/30); Buffalo, NY (11/2); New Haven, CT (11/4); Worcester, MA (11/5); East Rutherford, NJ (11/6); Scranton, PA (11/7); Martin, TN (11/9).

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS: Davenport, IA (10/27); Minneapolis, MN (10/28); Madison, WI (10/30); Chicago, IL (10/31).

UTOPIA: Poughkeepsie, NY (10/26,27); Hartford, CT (10/29); East Rutherford, NJ (10/30).

VAN HALEN: Toronto, CAN (10/26); Montreal, CAN (10/27); Roanoke, VA (10/30); Hampton, VA (10/31); Pittsburgh, PA (11/1); Atlanta, GA (11/13).

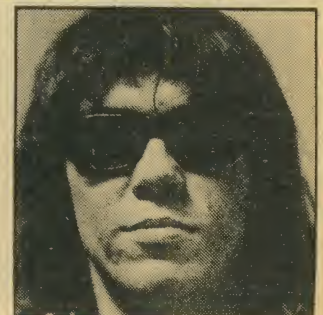
THE WHO: San Diego, CA (10/27); Los Angeles, CA (10/29); Tempe, AZ (10/31).

WARREN ZEVON: San Diego, CA (10/26); Palo Alto, CA (10/28); San Francisco, CA (10/29,30); Reseda, CA (10/31).

1968

Steppenwolf

JOHN KAY REMEMBERS vividly the darkest moment in his effort to launch Steppenwolf on the rebound trail. "I walked into this joint we were playing, and some kid came up to me and said, 'You're not John Kay, because John Kay wouldn't play a place like this.'" Kay has spent the past three years trying to restore the good name of Steppenwolf—the leather-clad hard-rock band responsible for 1968's "Born to Be Wild" and "Magic Carpet Ride"—after it was "systematically destroyed" by a spate of bogus "Wolves" touring the hinterlands. Kay, who as Steppenwolf's frontman had performed in the country's biggest arenas, was back to square one: a new band and one small van. "The only



thing that kept me going those first eight months was pure, unadulterated hate," he recalls. "I said, 'Look, if they're gonna try to ruin the name, I'm going to fight fire with fire.'" Steppenwolf gradually undid the damage done by its impostors, and the band recently released a new album on Nautilus, the audiophile label. They also discovered that there is a new generation of kids to whom the old songs have become legendary. "Every generation thinks they're born to be wild," says Kay, "and they can identify with that song as their anthem." □

It's all true.



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